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I laid her on her back and expressed strokes of oral fondness to her sweet shaven flower which she seemed to be enjoyably sensitive to. I softly licked and gently sucked the magic emanating from her smooth flowery pedals and applied both simultaneously to budding style until she wriggled away.

★★★★★

★★★★★

After sipping some champaign, she retreated to the bathroom to change into an exceptionally hot lingerie outfit. Holy mackerel, this young thing oozed sexuality.

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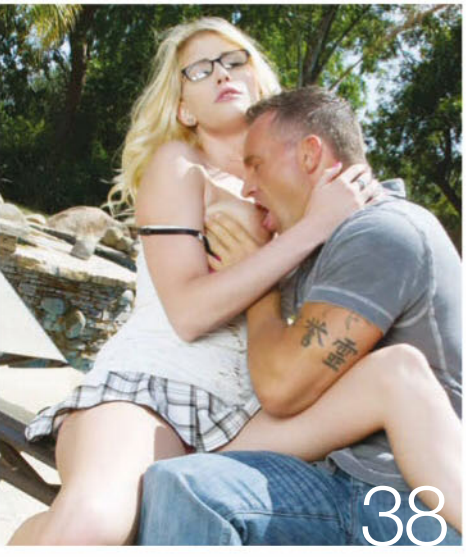

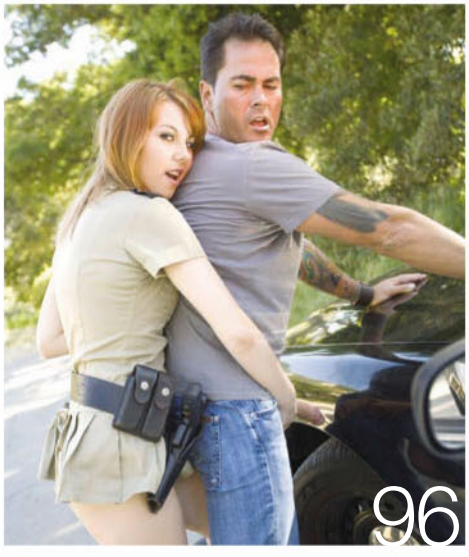

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LETTERS

SALUTATIONS

Cover Girl: November 2014 Penthouse Pet Of The Month, Ariana Marie

IMAGINE an erotic hunger so fierce it can no longer be denied–and when that untamed passion is finally unleashed, you'll find undeniably awesome sex. And that's exactly what we have for you this month in *Penthouse Letters.*

In Take Her, She's Mine, devoted husbands are in awe of their wives' powerful sensuality as they explore their lust with other men, while Girl Meets Girl delivers even more horny ladies who take charge of their own dirty destinies. Free-wheeling lovers give each other room to roam in Open Season, and chance encounters bring unspeakable passion for a lucky few in Serendipity.

Those titillating tales are joined by stories of swinging and swapping and a whole lot more to make your summer sizzle!

And for those looking to dip their toes into the kinky side of the pool, this issue's edition of *Penthouse Variations* features red-hot spanking stories and other fetish favorites, starting on page 112.

Have you had an amazing sexual experience? Share the love and tell us about it! Send your most incredible sex stories to: letters@penthouse.com.

–The Editors

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EDITORIAL
Executive Editor Barbara Pizio
Contributing Editors Alison Tyler

Publisher Kelly Holland

ART
Creative Director Angela Derasmo
Art Director Victor Gonzalez

NEWSSTAND CONSULTANTS
WILLETT ASSOCIATES
Philip & John Willett

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Production Coordinator Victor Gonzalez
Photo Researcher Zack Korn
Graphic Layout Mike Hallquist

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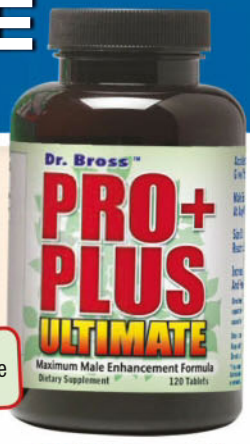

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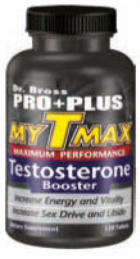

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LETTERS

TAKE HER, SHE'S MINE

A STAR IS BORN

"No, no, no!" I yelled, throwing down the script. "Jake, this is the last time you're ever going to see this woman. Show some passion!"

I was usually the cool-headed theater director who nurtured performers along until we had a play everyone would be proud to present. But Jake, an otherwise fine actor, couldn't seem to do the love scene with my wife properly.

Evie was the female lead opposite Jake. The play was a sumptuous melodrama, full of secrets and betrayals. The key to it was the smoldering ardor between Jake and Evie's characters.

Everyone went silent at my outburst. Evie and Jake were on the stage, in mid-scene. Evie was a gorgeous woman, with an enticing figure and dazzling features. She was communicating her character's heartbreak brilliantly, putting yearning and regret into every line, every gesture. We had worked together as wife and husband for years, and the results had always been spectacular.

I turned to Jake. He was a good-looking stud who exuded confidence and sex appeal, ideal for the role.

"Jake, you do every other scene perfectly," I said, more calmly. "I believe every word you say, every emotion you convey. But this scene..." I shook my head. "It's like you don't even want to fuck her."

Jake cringed a bit. There were technical people in the wings. The bare bones of the bedroom set were onstage, which consisted of a simple bed and a few other sticks of furniture. The show was to open in a week, but without this pivotal scene being performed to perfection, it would fall apart.

Stepping closer to me, Jake said quietly, "It's just that, uh..."

"What?"

He hesitated, but then finally said meekly, "But she's your *wife*."

That surprised me. I was about to give him a standard speech about professionalism in the theater and how outside relationships weren't supposed to affect performers on the stage. But I could see Jake needed some other kind of convincing.

I made a directorial decision. "Everybody else go get lunch!" I called. "Clear the set, please." Evie gave me a furtive smile. She probably knew exactly what I had in mind—and I could tell by her expression that she approved.

"HE HAD A BLAZING HARD-ON. EVIE REACHED OUT AND TOOK HIS MEAT IN HER HAND."

When the theater was empty except for us three, I said, "Jake, you've got the lines down, so I'm not worried about that. I want you to play the scene without the dialogue. This is the woman you love, but she belongs to someone else. She's asked you here to say good-bye. It's a summer night. You want her so badly you can taste it. Every fiber in your body needs her. Just play out those emotions and desires. Go wherever they take you."

With that I backed away, out of the ring of light which lit the set. Evie gave Jake a reassuring look and said, "Do whatever your character would do."

They took their places. Jake entered the room, wordlessly. He froze as his eyes met Evie's. I felt a genuine crackle of yearning. At first he awkwardly paused where the dialogue was supposed to be, but after a minute he got into the rhythm of the moment.

With sensuous ease, my wife interacted silently with him, imparting her character's emotions. Jake responded, excitement flushing his face. I could almost feel the heat in the bedroom. Evie's breathing was visibly rapid, her generous breasts rising and falling. Her nipples pressed stiffly against the fabric of her blouse.

Jake's eyes danced with desire. I saw the bulge in his pants. The two characters moved nearer and nearer. I felt an empathetic arousal, too. These two people *wanted* each other!

But when it came time for Jake to take her in his arms and kiss her, he became clumsy and self-conscious again. Evie tried to coax him through it, but her method wasn't working.

From the dark beyond the set I called out, "What's wrong, Jake?"

Sadly, he said, "She's still your wife. This makes me uncomfortable."

Before I could reply, Evie stepped up and grabbed him by his shirtfront. In a voice full of hoarse longing she said, "I'm not his goddamn wife! I'm your secret lover, and we've got one last moment together. Show me you want to fuck me as badly as I want to fuck you!"

With that she jammed her mouth on his, kissing him fiercely. I could see her tongue flash and waited tensely to see how he would respond. After a second he pushed his mouth back against hers. Their lips ground together as I watched and resisted the urge to break into applause.

I could see the desire truly overtake him then. It was accompanied by an almost audible click, like an engine going into high gear. He took Evie's shoulders in a strong grip. He yanked her body against his. She answered by planting her crotch against his. She moved her hips, grinding against him. He humped back against her.

Obviously, part of this was Jake the

person responding to my very alluring wife. But I saw that most of him was still in character. The body language was what he'd adopted for the role. His hands groped her, every movement seething with desperate wanting. Evie broke the kiss and let out a lustful cry.

They stumbled toward the bed, neither letting go of the other. In the script this was where the scene ended, implying to the audience what was to follow. Standing in the darkness, I hoped they kept going. Not just for the sake of the play, but because this was *hot*.

Evie tore at his shirt, tugging it off over his head. He raked open her blouse, revealing her lush tits. With an expression of wanton need, he put his hands on her, squeezing the full mounds. She undid his pants while shimmying out of her skirt.

When Jake stepped out of his pants, the two faced each other totally naked. He had a blazing hard-on. Evie reached out and took his twitching meat in her hand. I watched the authentic sexual reaction ripple over Jake's well-toned body. Everything I was seeing was genuine, in fact. This was raw lust. This was the harsh human desire this scene had needed so badly, even if a general audience would never get to see it like *this*.

I savored my privileged view as Jake and my wife moved onto the bed.

They lay side by side. Evie still had hold of his cock and was slowly pumping the firm full shaft. Jake slipped a hand between her taut thighs, trailing his fingers over her pussy lips, which gleamed with anticipatory dampness in the stage lights.

When he sank his fingertips into her furrow, she jolted on the bed like she'd been stung. But it was a happy reaction. A moan of pleasure echoed through the theater. I glanced around to make sure nobody had come back in. I had quite the hard-on of my own at that point. This wasn't the first time I'd watched Evie fuck around with another

LETTERS

↘ TAKE HER, SHE'S MINE

guy. It was something we both enjoyed, even though it had never been under circumstances as wild as this.

Jake fingered her harder, and she jerked him faster, adopting that perfect handjob tempo I knew so well. He had two fingers buried to the knuckles in her. She was writhing madly. Suddenly, her body clenched. I saw muscles and tendons standing out, and knew she was shuddering her way through an intense climax.

When she returned from the land of carnal bliss, her eyes were ablaze with purpose. She pushed Jake onto his back and slipped down between his spread legs. The bed was at an angle, so I still had a good view as Evie took hold of his shaved nutsac and started sucking on his fat knob.

That was all I could take. Not that I wanted to stop them—hell no! Instead, I quietly opened my fly and pulled out my cock. As Evie proceeded to drop her mouth onto Jake's erection, I languidly jerked my meat.

Evie sucked him all the way down, not even pausing when she encountered her gag reflex. Jake, lying back on the makeshift bed, groaned with astonishment and pleasure. Evie lifted her luscious ass, and I saw her free hand working busily between her legs, picking up the fingering where Jake had left off.

I continued to jerk myself, standing alone and appreciating the complex workings of the two bodies onstage. I didn't feel jealousy. In a way I was almost grateful to see how much Jake relished Evie. It verified my own feelings for her.

Evie didn't bring him to climax with her mouth. Instead, she moved back up his body, straddling him and lowering her pussy onto his spit-wet cock. Jake's big hands encircled her waist. I saw the look of delight on Evie's face as she took that meat up into herself. She settled lower and lower until she had all of him. Then she started riding his cock, bucking madly as he thrust up into her.

As they fucked, I realized they were still at least partly in character. Jake wore the same grimacing grin as when he was longing for Evie's character.

Evie, as she rode him harder and harder, actually called out his *character's* name, like she was really fucking the person in the play.

When Evie cried out again, it was with her second climax. I watched her face flush, saw the rapture grasp her and hold her before slowly releasing her. But Jake wasn't done. Grunting with need, he lifted her off him and set her on her hands and knees. He moved in behind her and jammed his glistening cock deep into her cunt. Evie moaned with passion.

Jake stroked into her, his balls smacking her ripe backside. Evie's head whipped from side to side. I was still watching this through a director's eye, and I saw all the frantic craving of two people hopelessly in love who were never going to see one another again. This sex was the natural outcome of the scene. Jake had broken through. I knew he would give a radiant performance the next week.

For now, he continued to pound my wife's pussy. Evie's knees were trembling. She made a strangled cry. Jake joined her, letting out a savage groan. I knew his hot cream was filling her. As if in sympathy, my own juice went flying. Pearly come splattered the edge of the stage as the two lovers collapsed on the bed, spent.

It had been a hell of a performance.

–Name and address withheld

TODAY'S SPECIAL

I watched Milos as he hustled our food to the table. We frequented the Greek restaurant as often as possible. The food was amazing, the service was great, the ambience was genuine, and the people were friendly. Missy had even managed to charm the recipe for their salad dressing out of the owner.

Milos sat our food down and stepped back, looking proud. "The chef gave you

extra shrimp, Missy," he said, winking.

I watched the way my wife shifted in her chair as her cheeks grew rosy.

"I won't tell a soul–and thank him, please."

"Only the best for our most beautiful customer."

There she went, blushing again. I began to watch my wife watch Milos.

He poured out the remainder of our carafe of wine, gave us a short bow and hurried off.

Missy's eyes lingered on him as he departed.

"You want to fuck him, don't you?"

She dropped her fork into her salad and eyed me up, all faux innocence and trilling laughter. "Of course not."

"Oh, Jesus, why would you pretend not to?" I said, sipping my wine and watching her. "You know I get off on it, too. Watching you with another guy. The right kind of guy, mind you. And Milos…is a fine specimen."

She smiled at me and ran her fingernail up my forearm. "Hold on, mister. Who is it that wants me to fuck Milos? Me? Or you?"

I put my hand on her thigh beneath the table and ran it upward so the tips of my fingers brushed the "Y" of her pussy. She gave a little shiver, and I stroked her leg teasingly. "Maybe both of us. But hopefully," I said, watching our waiter serve another table, "all *three* of us."

When our meal was finished and our bill paid, I sent Missy out to start the car and waved Milos over.

"I wanted to ask you about something," I said. Then I leaned close and explained how Missy and I worked when it came to other men. And what I liked and what she liked and that we'd like if he'd come join her for a night. With me in attendance, of course.

I expected to be met with some confusion. It's happened a few times. But he just smiled and shook my hand. "Love to," he said.

I got into the car to find my wife practically vibrating with anticipation. Her hand slammed down on my forearm, and she squeezed. "Well?"

"SHE MOVED HER HIPS SLOWLY, BUMPING HERSELF AGAINST HIS SEEKING TONGUE."

"He's coming over Thursday night for dessert."

"Dessert?"

"Yeah. You, sweet thing," I said, laughing. I kissed her. "He's more than on board. He's very excited."

"Good, so am I."

"Excellent. Then drive us home so I can fuck you senseless."

At home, I grabbed her and turned her as we entered the kitchen. She put her hands to the tabletop, and I dragged her leggings and panties down.

"How's my pretty little slut?" I asked, shoving my fingers between her legs and finding her cunt drenched. She moaned, and I smiled. My cock was as hard as a rock from picturing her with Milos. Thinking of him fucking her and going down on her and making her suck his cock made me unbelievably hot.

I pinned her tight and took her from behind–fast and hard, the way she liked. She beat me to a climax by several seconds, screaming my name as her cunt milked my cock with its orgasmic spasms.

When I was done, I patted her ass and leaned in to whisper in her ear. "Day after tomorrow, we find out if Milos can make you scream."

On the appointed evening, I answered the door, letting Milos in and offering him a beer. Missy was standing there in a pair of short-shorts and a tank top–but no bra. He turned down the brew as he looked at my wife and licked his lips.

I understood. Who the fuck would want a beer when they could have her instead?

I stepped back and gestured toward my wife. "She's yours. Go for it."

He looked at me a second time to make sure I was serious and then moved toward her. He kissed her like a man who'd been fantasizing about kissing her for a long time. He wrapped his strong arms around her and pulled her close. His lips traveled down her throat, his tongue sweeping along the curve of her neck and then across her collarbone. He nipped her shoulder, and she yelped and then sighed, melting into him.

His hands had moved up to her breasts. He cupped them at first, then squeezed before his fingers zeroed in on her nipples. He pinched them hard, the way I know she loves, and I watched them pebble beneath the thin cotton of her tank.

"Take her shorts off," I insisted, my

LETTERS

↘ TAKE HER, SHE'S MINE

voice throaty with lust. Then I sat down in a nearby easy chair. Missy and I always conduct our fun in the living room—never our bedroom.

Milos popped the button on her shorts and pushed them down until she could kick them away. Beneath she was bare. Utterly. No panties and a neatly waxed pussy.

He groaned, and she smiled. Then she pulled her tank off, her teacup breasts beautifully exposed. He didn't seem to know what to do. I could see the confusion on his face. Should he suck her nipples, pinch them or get on his knees and make her come?

I knew how he felt.

He finally sucked a nipple into his mouth and bit it gently, pinching the other one until she arched toward him and cradled his head. He sucked and nibbled and pinched until she was writhing in his arms. There was so much pressure in my cock I thought I'd die.

When he finally got on his knees and pressed his face between her thighs, I was breathing hard. She spread her legs a little and put her hands on top of his black hair. She moved her hips slowly, bumping herself against his seeking tongue. She shut her eyes and let loose a small sigh. I could see the flicker of his pink tongue and see how hard he was gripping her thighs as he ate her.

She shoved her pussy against his mouth, and he held her thighs even more tightly. I watched his tongue darting over her slick flesh.

When she came, I had the urge to just jerk off until I shot my load. Instead, I sat up straighter, clenched my jaw and watched her move to the sofa. She motioned him over, and he stepped closer. She sat on the plump cushions and unbuckled his belt, yanking his pants down. His cock sprang free, and she took it in hand, giving it a few strokes. Milos let his head fall back. He made a sound I've made many times. It was one of great contentment and arousal.

"SHE STROKED HIM SLOWLY AND FINALLY LEANED IN AND LICKED HIS COCKHEAD."

She stroked him slowly and finally leaned in and licked his cockhead. He hissed, and she laughed before doing it again. She sucked his tip like a lollipop. I had to swallow hard to keep my own sounds contained.

She sucked him lazily, and I knew he was going insane on the inside. She can suck so well she makes me feel like I'm going to crawl out of my skin from the pleasure.

Milos grunted, thrusting into her mouth and holding her head. His fingers threaded through her red hair as he fucked her mouth. When I thought he was going to come, he pulled free and stood there panting, trying to catch his breath.

She reclined and spread her legs, and I heard him grunt. Then he was moving toward her fast. He got between her legs, pressing her back into the sofa cushions. Missy wrapped her legs around his waist as he rubbed his cock against her pussy.

When he couldn't wait anymore, he pulled back to position himself at her wet opening. He drove into her slowly, and she raised her body to meet him as her eyes drifted shut. She raised her hands above her head, and Milos held them down with one of his own. He gripped her tight and fucked her with fast, short strokes. Every time he thrust into her, she sighed. I watched her face grow intense and then euphoric. I found I was holding my breath as she grew closer and closer to climax. When she did come, I grabbed my dick through my shorts and gave it one good jerk. Then I released myself quickly before I lost control.

"Flip me over," she said, her voice rough with desperate hunger. "Flip me

over. Fuck me from behind. Take me. Fuck me like an animal."

With that, both of us men groaned.

He flipped her over. She draped her upper body over the back of the sofa and pushed her ass back toward him, waggling it enticingly.

He grabbed her hips and plunged into her. They both moaned. He liked to pull almost free of her, teasing her with the tip of his cock at the very edge of her slit, before driving into her hard and deep. She bucked back to take him, and I watched her fingers curl against the sofa cushions as she struggled with the overwhelming ecstasy.

She brought her hand between her thighs to find her clit, and her breath began to come in fast bursts. I couldn't see her face except in profile, but I guessed she was close to climaxing again.

"Yes, like that. Like that," she said, angling herself just right so Milos hit the spot she needed it most. "Harder," she demanded.

His rhythm increased, and his ass flexed as he fucked her more vigorously. I traced my finger down my cock and then drew a circle around the tip of it. But then I returned my hands to the armrests. I was determined to hold off my orgasm until I had Missy alone.

Milos put a hand on the small of her back and held her there. She tossed her head, and I knew she'd come at any moment. I was right. She sobbed when she climaxed, her body undulating sexily.

Poor Milos couldn't take it anymore. He pulled free of her clasping pussy and splashed his come across the backs of her thighs.

Shortly afterward, I went about the business of seeing out our guest. He and I shook hands, and I told him we'd love to have him back.

When I locked the door and turned back to Missy, she was already on her knees. She licked her lips and beckoned me toward her.

"Did you like the show, honey?"

"Boy, did I!" I said, unzipping my pants. "Let me show you how much."

–W.S., via email

GIRL LUST

One night before we turned out the lights, my wife and I were lying in bed and broached the subject of sharing our fantasies. Sherry wanted to go first but was overcome with shyness. Her cheeks burned red. As she struggled with confessing her secret, she gnawed at her lower lip and averted her eyes.

After several minutes of coaxing, she finally fessed up. Sherry wanted to have sex with a woman while I watched!

Discovering that we had a fantasy in common was an exciting surprise. It felt like all the blood in my body rushed straight to my dick. To me, there's something incredibly sexy and sensual about two women seeking pleasure together. The simple thought of seeing my wife naked with another woman was enough to have my dick standing at attention.

I'm not usually one for sharing my girl, but in this case I was more than eager to make an exception. Sherry has starred in many of my own girl-on-girl dreams. I couldn't wait to watch those scenes come true.

Think of it this way—when you crave something, more is better, right? By that logic, if watching a woman touch herself is hot, then watching two women touch each other would be the ultimate act.

God, just thinking about it was like dousing my smoldering libido with lighter fluid, and Sherry seemed just as turned on. We had to act on this unfulfilled dream. Sherry told me she had a willing lady in mind and promised she'd take care of arranging everything.

Finally, the big night arrived. Sherry and I met her friend Ana at a local lounge. It only took a few minutes of flirting to see that Ana and Sherry were clearly into each other. There was an exciting electricity coursing between them. I couldn't wait to watch them explore their attraction.

After enjoying some drinks and conversation, the three of us headed back to our place. As soon as we crossed the threshold, Sherry suddenly looked shy. Seeing the rosy blush that crept from her neck to her cheeks brought me back to our own first date. Watching her experience that nervous excitement with another woman was intoxicating.

Ana began to stroke Sherry's arm, murmuring in her ear. My wife relaxed immediately.

Rather than take a seat, I stood off to the side, waiting to see what the girls would do next. I was simply a horny voyeur who stopped by to watch the sexy show, and wherever they wanted to have it was fine by me.

Sherry led Ana to the couch. While they

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↘ TAKE HER, SHE'S MINE

settled on the oversized sectional, I took a seat facing them. My goal was to attract as little attention to myself as possible. I was just a fly on the wall. It was a strange but exciting feeling—one I didn't realize would be so enjoyable.

It was clear Ana would be directing the show that night. The smoldering look she gave my wife made my cock painfully erect. The hunger and passion that burned in her gaze reminded me of all the reasons I love my wife and why I was so damn lucky to call her mine.

Ana hovered over Sherry, placing feather-light kisses all over her lips and neck, making my wife writhe. Those kisses gave way to love bites, leaving tiny red marks along Sherry's creamy flesh. Little whimpers escaped Sherry's lips. Her hips lifted, drawn to Ana's voluptuous body like a magnet. Sherry circled her hips, trying to create friction that would stoke the passion simmering inside her.

But Ana wasn't going to allow Sherry to set the pace. Her hand slid from my wife's breast to her hip. She stilled the insistent gyration of Sherry's hips by pushing her down against the cushions. With her free hand, she tugged at the edges of Sherry's blouse until she revealed Sherry's lacy red bra.

Fingering the scalloped edges of the lingerie, Ana whispered, "I like this." She palmed Sherry's breasts through the sheer material, using her thumbs to stroke Sherry's nipples. "It makes it so easy to take a taste." Her mouth latched over Sherry's lace covered tit, suckling a taut nipple through the flimsy fabric.

Sherry's breasts are super sensitive. Caressing her nipples sends shocks of pleasure straight to her clit. Still, it's never enough to actually get her off. A skilled partner could leave her on the cusp of an orgasm for hours on end, leaving her crazed with lust. Judging the by way Sherry struggled to keep still, it looked like that was exactly what Ana was doing.

When Ana finally pulled away from Sherry's breast, I caught sight of my wife's nipple getting raked by Ana's teeth. Sherry hissed and wound her fingers into Ana's hair, hugging her lover's face close against her chest.

My cock jerked with excitement. Ana hadn't even taken Sherry's pants off yet, and still I was enthralled.

Sure, I'd seen my wife in the throes of pleasure hundreds of times, but that was when I was running the show. But Ana was the one in charge in this situation. I had no idea what parts of Sherry she planned to explore next, but I was dying to find out. The anticipation was absolutely delicious.

Seeming to decide she'd had enough of Sherry's breasts, Ana sat up and pulled off her own shirt. She slid her legs out of their kneeling position and covered my wife's body with hers. Then she branded Sherry with a searing lip-lock.

As I watched my wife enthusiastically return Ana's kiss, my cock began to throb. My erection pushed against the zipper of my jeans, demanding to join the fun. I ran my palm over its length, manhandling myself through the denim. It wasn't nearly enough to appease my raging hard-on, but I wasn't ready to divide my attention just yet.

At the exact moment I opened my jeans to relieve some of the pressure on my cock, Ana slid her hand beneath Sherry's waistband. Once again Sherry's hips lifted off the couch, but this time Ana didn't try to stop her. Ana's movement and Sherry's gasp made me suspect that Ana was toying with Sherry's clit, nudging her ever closer to the point of no return.

Continuing her tease, Ana disengaged from Sherry and slid down her body. Once she settled at my wife's feet, Ana pulled Sherry's pants down and off with an efficient tug. Once Sherry's legs were free, Ana crawled toward Sherry's pussy, glaring like a jungle cat in heat.

Ana stopped when her face was level with Sherry's snatch. Her fingers curled into the waistband of my wife's panties, pulling the fabric down to reveal the landing strip that adorned Sherry's pussy.

My mouth grew dry. This was my

"THE PASSION THAT BURNED IN HER GAZE REMINDED ME OF THE REASONS I LOVE MY WIFE."

favorite part of the fantasy: watching another woman make a meal out of my wife's pussy. I was mere seconds away from seeing it in real life!

Ana pulled Sherry's panties entirely off before throwing them off to the side. Then she latched her lips onto Sherry's clit and sucked. I gripped my cock tightly, and it throbbed in my palm. I absentmindedly stroked my staff, mesmerized by the sight of this beautiful woman eating my wife's pussy.

Ana was pleasuring her with rhythmic sucks and licks, and Sherry was loving every minute of it. Mindless with lust, she tugged her lower lip between her teeth, biting down in a clear effort to stave off her orgasm. But Sherry's willpower was no match for Ana's skills.

Once Ana realized that Sherry was on the verge, she slipped two fingers into my wife's pussy. Sherry's back bowed off the couch, and her moans filled the room, making my balls grow tight.

This time, when Sherry's hips lifted off the couch, Ana didn't push them down. Instead, she used the new position to increase her leverage while she finger-fucked my wife, angling her digits so that she rocked Sherry's body hard with every thrust.

The deepening blush that crept up my wife's neck told me how turned on she'd become. She was really starting to lose control. Unable to take a steady breath, her breasts rose and fell erratically.

As her pleasure crested, Sherry shouted loudly, and Ana kept her fingers jammed deep as she tongued my wife's clit until her orgasm faded. Slowing the motion of her digits, Ana kept them inside my wife's cunt as she eased her way up to give Sherry a pussy-flavored kiss.

"You are delicious," Ana murmured before dipping her tongue between Sherry's parted lips. Ana's mouth muffled her lover's moans. Meanwhile, the heel of Ana's hand rocked against Sherry's clit, massaging the sensitive nub while her fingers repeatedly plunged into my wife's core, rhythmically rocking and gradually picking up speed.

Sherry grew restless, and then did the sexiest thing possible. Clearly losing patience, she wound her fingers through Ana's hair and pushed down her body until the woman's face was right above Sherry's pussy.

Ana released a breathy laugh. "Okay, Sherry. I can take a hint."

Then she slid her hands beneath Sherry's ass and tilted her hips. The new angle left her perfectly positioned for Ana to feast on her clit. She started with a few languid licks, but before long her entire mouth was working Sherry's pussy.

Fixated on the pair of lusty ladies, I stroked by cock from base to tip, picking up speed as Sherry roared toward her own orgasm.

After another flick across her clit, Sherry's orgasmic cries echoed throughout the room. Her body shook from the force of her climax, and she struggled to catch her breath. It was the prettiest picture I'd ever seen. I pumped my fist faster over my prick, gritting my teeth against the force of my own impending explosion.

Reveling in her post-orgasmic glow, Sherry stroked Ana's back and cuddled closer to her on the couch. The innocent display of intimacy was enough to end me. My ass nearly shot out of the chair as my climax hit me.

After Sherry recovered from her orgasm, she turned her attention to Ana. They fucked each other well into the night—all while I watched.

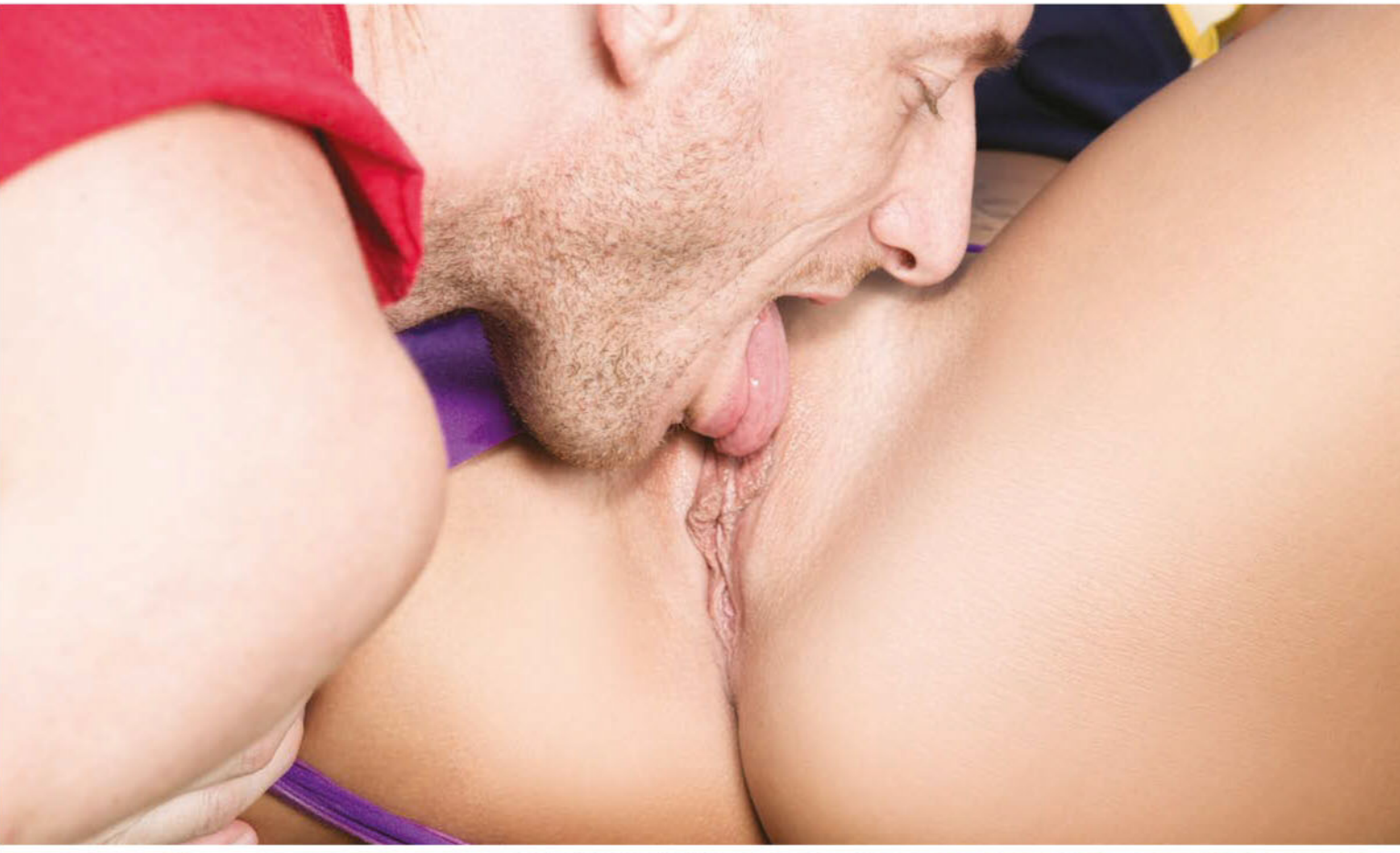
If this is where sharing fantasies with my wife led, we would be swapping stories far more often.

–S.T., Hempstead, New York

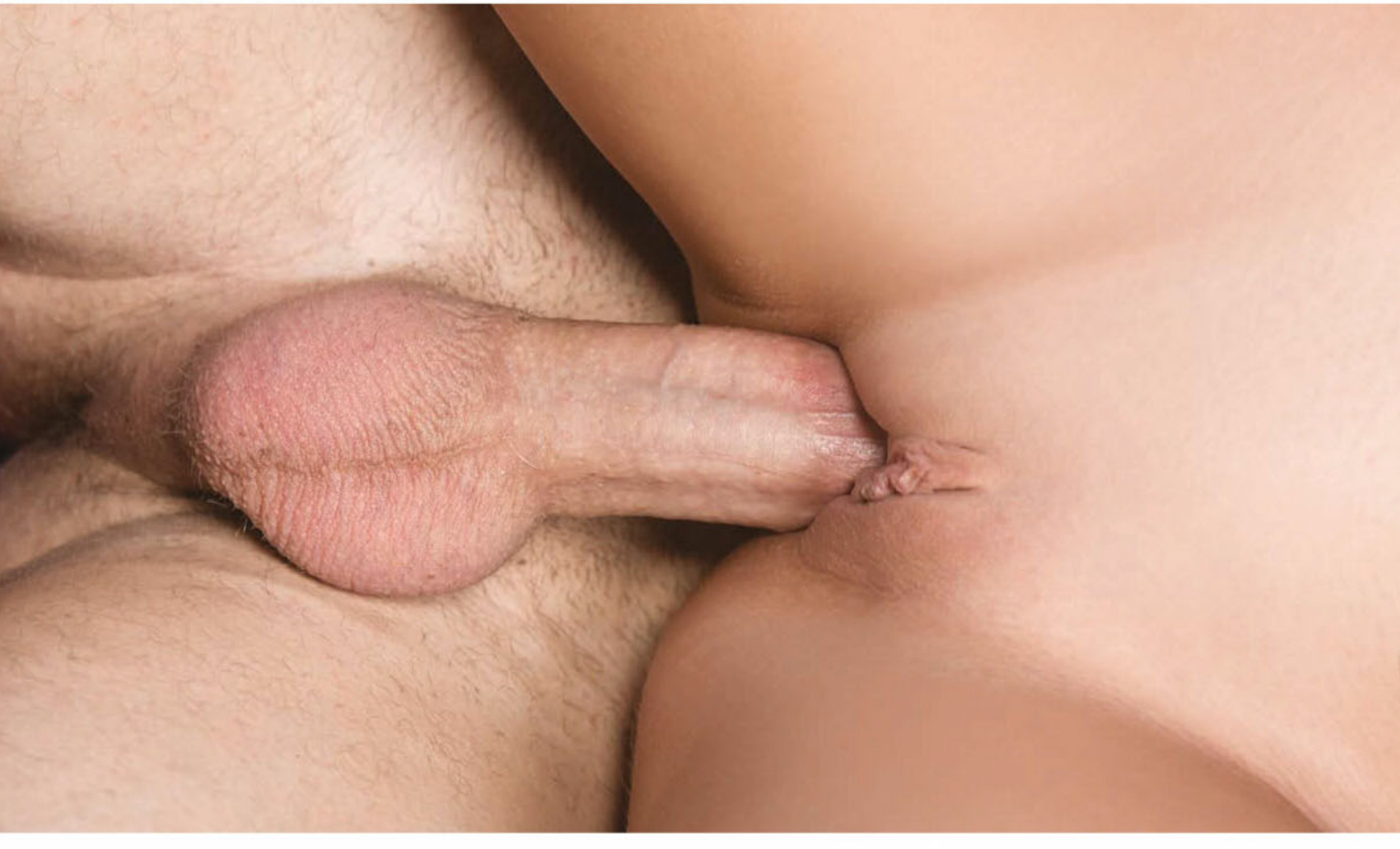
If you've shared your wife, or have had one shared with you, why not share with us? Mail your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department TH, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

VARSITY VICE

AUGUST IS READY TO PLAY THE FIELD AND HOPES TO SCORE WITH RYAN.



CHEER



"WHEN RYAN COMES AROUND, I'M DEFINITELY AN ELIGIBLE RECEIVER!"

—AUGUST

CHEER

LETTERS

GIRL MEETS GIRL

DO-OVER

Once upon a time when I was a college girl of 21, these idiotic words actually passed my lips: "I'm sorry, Sandra, but I just can't go to bed with you. I was raised to believe that only a man and a woman can lie together. You're very pretty. But the feelings I have for you are just a mistake."

Yes, I used to be that foolish. I had turned down the delectable, enticing, sexy Sandra when she wanted me in bed with her.

The night was still vivid in my memory. We had gone to a party. I was straitlaced and prim (obviously), but even I had a couple beers. Sandra meanwhile knocked back tequila shots and danced sinuously. I watched covertly, uncertain why I felt such stirrings at the sight of her gyrating body. Her breasts were high and firm, her rear end taut. A smile blazed on her beautiful face. Every guy there was panting over her, and she knew it.

But she didn't leave with any of them. We went back to our campus housing together. I was uncharacteristically giggly from the booze. Sandra was my best friend, and I suddenly felt the need to tell her so.

Just inside our door, I put a hand on her arm and said solemnly, "You've meant so much to me, Sandra."

She turned her dark dazzling eyes on me. A new sultry smile touched her full lips. She took my hand and said, "Come to my room, Vicky."

I went. Those weird tingles were still unsettling me. I wasn't a virgin, but even the guys I'd been with hadn't made me feel like this. We entered Sandra's bedroom, and she closed the door.

"You've been a good friend, too, Vicky." With that she planted a brief kiss on my cheek.

It was just a friendly peck, I told myself, but heat seemed to radiate from where her lips had touched me. My heart beat faster, and my nipples were growing inexplicably stiff.

"Sit down," Sandra said. "I'm going to make myself comfortable."

There was nowhere to sit but the bed, so that's where I wound up. Sandra, to my shock, stripped down to her underwear. She didn't look at me, but my eyes were almost popping out of my skull as I beheld her smooth brown skin and trim figure. She put on a robe and sat next to me.

"You're a pretty girl, Vicky."

I blushed. "Not like you, Sandra!"

She put her arm around me and moved in to kiss my cheek again. The act was softer this time. She lingered, and new warmth bloomed in me at her touch. I'd become very aware of the two of us alone in that bedroom, aware of the physical realities of our two bodies. But I was too naive to really understand what was happening.

I turned to say something, but Sandra kissed me again. This time on the lips. The contact was electrical, magical. Gooseflesh rose. Ripples of intense sensation touched me everywhere.

When the kiss broke, Sandra said in a husky voice, "Get in bed with me."

And that's when I jumped up, backed away and gave her that asinine little speech I'd mentioned earlier. *I'm sorry, Sandra, but I just can't go to bed with you.* I would come to bitterly regret those words in the years that followed. I'd eventually wizened up and even had a few lesbian affairs and relationships as I got into my mid-20s.

However, things were never the same between Sandra and me after that night. We had graduated and had lost touch—until a few days ago.

Sandra had found me through social media. She was traveling for work and would be in my city overnight. I told her I'd be delighted to see her.

But was this to be more than just a reunion of estranged friends? A thousand times I had played out that

night in her bedroom in my mind, reshaping events. I'd wondered endlessly how it would have been to take off my clothes and get into that bed with her. A thousand times I'd kissed and fingered and licked her in my mind.

Was there any possibility of a do-over?

We met at a restaurant. She was as gorgeous as ever, her natural hair a beautiful halo for her lovely features. "Vicky!" She threw her arms around me, and I savored our hug.

We sat to eat. Through our meal we caught up. Neither of us had married. We were both successful in our careers. Over dessert, our talk started to turn a little flirtatious, I thought—or else I was desperately projecting my desires. I wanted this woman. I wanted to do everything with her we hadn't done that night five years ago.

When the check arrived, I was so anxious I blurted out, "Could I come back to your hotel with you?"

Sandra smiled that old sexy smile. "Vicky, darling, that was the whole idea."

Ten minutes later we were entering her hotel room. Déjà vu took hold of me. I saw us as college girls in Sandra's old bedroom. But I wasn't a repressed 21-year-old anymore. Before we were a few steps inside, I grabbed Sandra's elbows and pulled her into a kiss.

It was the true serious kiss we'd never had. Her soft lips mashed against mine. Her arms lifted around me, and I drew her tight to me. Our tongues met, and the kiss became a grinding, searching thing, full of passion. I lost myself in her mouth, delving deep into her with my tongue. Our bodies pressed together, causing my nipples to stiffen and my pussy to flow.

When the kiss broke, Sandra was looking at me pop-eyed. She grinned, and we went hand-in-hand to the bed. At the foot, we busily undressed each other, pausing to kiss and caress as our passion grew more urgent.

I unsnapped her bra and cupped her luscious tits, which were still as firm and high as ever. She peeled my skirt and panties down my legs, tracing her fingertips along my inner thighs, sending high-intensity erotic signals zipping through me.

A moment later we stood naked before one another for the first time. I drank in the lush sight of her, and she shamelessly studied me. Then we tumbled together onto the big bed.

Her bare, dusky skin felt smooth and irresistible. I trailed a hand down her back until I had hold of her taut ass. I sank my fingers into the ripe globe. She squeezed my tits, tweaking the excited nipples and causing both of us to moan. When we kissed again we were in a frenzy, smearing our mouths together wildly.

I reached between her legs at the same time she did the same to me. My eager fingers brushed her damp pussy lips. When she touched my sopping entrance, my whole body jumped. The carnal signals igniting my nerve endings were powerful.

Sandra's fingertips grazed me, parted me. I put two fingers into her as we lay side by side. She cried out softly with pleasure as I caressed the slick warmth of her interior. She probed me deeper, sinking one finger into me up to the base. My clit throbbed against this welcome intrusion. She wriggled the digit inside me, and I moaned with joy.

"I WANTED TO DO EVERYTHING WITH HER WE HADN'T DONE THAT NIGHT FIVE YEARS AGO."

I stroked my fingers in and out of her as I teased her clit with my thumb, inflaming the already swollen bud. Her hips moved impatiently on the bed, even as she added a second finger to plumb my depths. My ass flexed, and inexorable sexual bliss flowed outward from my pussy, consuming every part of me.

Sandra gazed at me, her full lips quivering. Her dark eyes were afire, brimming with her imminent climax. We each fingered the other harder and faster. Our mutual climax was glorious. Not only did I feel the ultimate pleasure well up and spill over me, but I experienced her orgasmic elation as well. The pleasure seemed to communicate itself through the fingers I had slotted into her, as if the

LETTERS

↘ GIRL MEETS GIRL

connection were electrical.

When I withdrew my fingers, Sandra took my hand and pulled it to her mouth. She licked her juices off my digits, inspiring me to suck hers. The taste of my own tang mixed with the flavor of her flesh was intoxicating.

"I need to lick you!" she announced as she got into position to sample my pussy. But I wanted to eat her, too, so we happily wrestled ourselves into a 69, with Sandra beneath and me on top. I lowered my face between her spread legs, drawing in the rapturous scent of her aroused pussy.

I felt her warm breath tickling me from below. Facing her pussy upside-down, I laid my tongue tip at the top of her slit and swiped my way downward. Sandra took the same approach, spreading my lips and exciting a fresh burst of pleasure from me. Her hands closed over my ass cheeks, pulling me closer to her face.

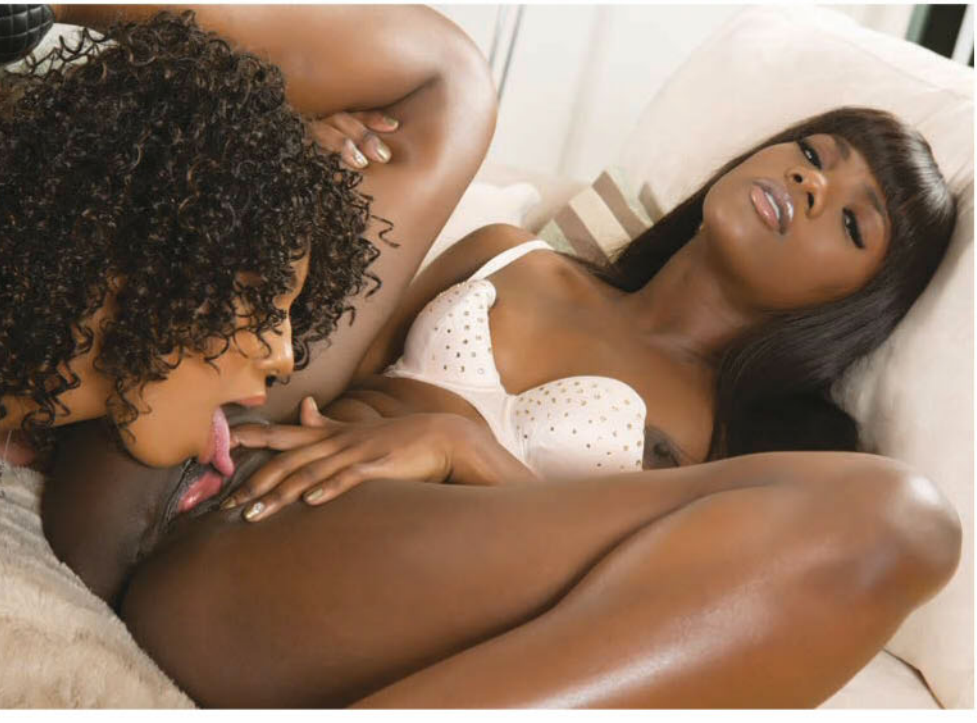
Meanwhile, I slithered my tongue inside her. Her heat and flavor struck me, a molten sauce of pure feminine essence. I jammed my tongue in farther, and her hips bucked. As her tongue speared deeper into me, I mashed my pussy harder against her face.

In that way we mutually sucked and humped each other. Our bodies wriggled and writhed. I worked my hands under her thighs, holding them apart. She continued to clutch the halves of my ass. Her fingers slid down into my vulnerable valley. Just as I was nearing a new dynamic orgasm, I felt the brush of a fingertip against my sensitive asshole.

I made a gurgling cry of joy as my climax hit me. Sandra convulsed beneath me, and again that sexual joy was transmitted to me, adding to my own pleasure. Our mouths stayed locked on each other. I reached to find the sweet jewel of her asshole, sliding my slick finger inside her and flexing it, feeling the tight clench of her back passage.

Tongues and fingers and assholes and pussies—everything was in play. We both came again, then flopped apart on the big bed. Dazed, we sat up and looked at each other. I knew we would fuck more that night, but I paused for a slow tender kiss, and thanked the fates that I'd been allowed this sensually satisfying do-over.

–V.T., email



NIGHT SHIFT

Amy flopped down on the sofa in the corner of the shop. She'd just turned off the vacuum, and apparently, she was tired. I tried to ignore the fact that I'd gotten a glimpse of what was beneath her short skirt when she'd dropped down into the seat.

I will not get a crush on this girl…I will not get a crush on this girl…

I went over and handed her a soda.

"Thank God, not coffee," she groaned, accepting the cola.

"God, fuck no. Not coffee. Who could drink coffee after making and serving it all day?" I flopped down next to her. Our thighs touched briefly. Hers was half bare, mine clad in faded jeans. I ran a hand through my hair and sighed. "And we're not done yet. Just a five-minute breather before we finish cleanup and close."

She groaned. "You know, Deborah told me we'd be out of here by 10:30 at the latest. Close doors at 10:00, out by 10:30. It's quarter to eleven."

I laughed and smiled at her. "Deborah lies."

"No shit!" She chuckled. "I really like this," she said, running her fingers through my recently reddened hair. I felt my nipples spike at her touch, and moisture pooled between my thighs. I tried to focus on anything but the rush of arousal flooding my pussy.

"Thanks. It's that new shampoo stuff. Puts color in your hair. Weird but true. It's fun."

She twirled a lock of my colorful hair around her finger. "Cool!" She tugged

it, and I felt a tiny spark of sweet pain go straight to my cunt. But then she let go, and I figured that tiny bit of flirtation was all in my head.

She took a swig of her soda and sighed. "Okay, what else do I need to do?"

"Lower all the blinds," I said. "They're good for keeping the store temperate without using too much energy." Our coffee shop was very green.

"Empty the recycling into the big bin. Um…I have to count the drawer and wash the last few blenders. Then we're done."

"Let's get on it then." She patted my thigh, and I wished she hadn't. Everything I'd just said left my mind, and all I could focus on was that short skirt of hers and the plum of an ass underneath.

As she scrambled to stand, I caught another peek at her knickers. Purple with gray stripes. Very punk. How fitting.

I got up, stifling a groan so as not to sound like an old woman. I knew for a fact I was five years her senior. Then I chided myself for even caring because there was no way it would matter. She might be flirty, but she was probably flirty with everyone.

I went to fill the blenders with soapy water so they could soak while I counted out the drawer. I watched her stand on tiptoe to grab the string to lower the blinds. Her skirt hovered just beneath the cusp of her ass and my mouth went dry.

"Get ahold of yourself," I hissed under my breath.

"Sorry?" she called, looking at me over her shoulder.

"Nothing. Talking to myself."

I grabbed the drawer and took it to the small counter behind the pastry display. I counted out all the cash and the excess before tallying the numbers and putting the earnings in a zippered bag. I put that in the safe for the morning manager and texted the total the way I did every night.

I put the counted drawer in the register and locked it. When I turned back, she was leaning against the edge of the pastry display with her skirt held up around her waist by her dainty fingers. Her striped panties were on full display.

"SHE STARED DIRECTLY INTO MY EYES AS SHE LICKED MY CLIT WITH HER SOFT TONGUE."

"I figured I should just show you so you could stop peeking."

"I…I'm sorry," I stammered. "It wasn't on purpose. It was–"

"It damn well was on purpose," she said, her voice nearly a whisper. "I've been doing my best to flirt with you all day."

I swallowed. "You have?"

"I have."

"And?"

"And you won't take the bait. You're giving me a complex." She reached out and tucked a hand into the waistband of my jeans. She tugged so that I had no choice but to stumble toward her. "Even though you turn bright red and shift around like you can't get comfortable."

I bit my bottom lip and tried to breathe. My heart was pounding so hard I was having trouble hearing her.

"Sorry?" I mumbled uncertainly.

"Is that a statement or a question?" She laughed and reeled me in that final inch.

"Yes?"

Another laugh, and then she tucked her small hand behind the back of my head and tugged me in for a kiss. Her lips were sweet and warm. Her other hand was working its way down into my jeans. My heart nearly stopped when she breached my panties and then stroked two cool fingers over my mound, managing to zero right in on my clit.

"You're very bad at answering questions. Let's try again. Will you go down on me?"

I chose to answer with actions. I pushed on her shoulders walking her back toward that low counter. I moved her easily until her ass hit the ledge, and then I pulled up that little skirt and yanked down her panties.

"No words needed," Amy said.

I shook my head. I squatted down and held up her skirt. I studied the plump folds of her shaved mound and her outer lips. I parted them and blew across her pink clit. She was already wet and turned on, and a sigh escaped me. I inhaled the warm, cotton scent of her and then pressed my mouth to her pussy–not licking, just sealing my mouth over her sex.

Her fingers threaded through my hair and tugged just enough to tell me she was turned on. She arched toward me, and I dragged my tongue over that button

of flesh, slowly up and then slowly down, making circles every so often but not too many. I wanted to keep her off balance and just on edge. I wanted her eventual climax to be intense and explosive.

I pushed my tongue farther back, slipping along her wet slit. I shoved it deep inside and then drew her own wetness to the front before focusing on her clit and finally teasing her with soft, even circles.

"Oh, Jesus. Oh, yeah."

I nearly laughed but managed not to. I wanted to make a joke like "seems like I found the right spot" or something stupid like that. Instead, I pushed a finger into her cunt and angled it until I found her G-spot. Wetness flooded my fingertips, and I wondered how much she would gush when she actually came.

I'm not much of a dirty talker, but I found myself muttering against her wet flesh: "That's it. Give it to me. Give me that pussy." I thrust my fingers deep, curled them, and then she climaxed. Her body went rigid even as her salty wetness flooded over my tongue.

She dropped to her knees, and we were suddenly eye-to-eye. She cupped my face in her hands and pulled me close. She dropped one soft kiss on my lips and then proceeded to lap at my lips and chin and face, licking her essence off me. I moaned. It was possibly the sexiest thing ever.

"Now it's my turn." She kissed me with parted lips, and then played the rigid tip of her tongue over the center of my upper lip

"SHE FUCKED ME SLOW AND STEADY AS SHE SUCKLED MY CLIT AND HUMMED SOFTLY."

to show me what I was in for. Excitement and heat pooled in my pussy. I gasped, and she laughed.

"But not here," she said, getting up and taking my hand. "This floor is disgusting—despite me mopping it like a good worker bee. Sofa."

I followed her to the couch, and she pushed me back onto the cushion as she grinned wickedly. I let out a little cry of surprise, which made her giggle. "Pants down," she insisted.

I fumbled with my waistband, and she rolled her eyes comically and batted my hand away. She unbuttoned my jeans and tugged down the zipper before easing the denim over my hips. She then pulled down my panties and settled between my thighs, looking up at me with those big expressive eyes of hers.

"You're so pretty," she said.

The eye contact never broke. She stared directly into my eyes as she licked my clit with her soft pink tongue. I whimpered, and she nudged my clit again and again. She covered my pussy with her mouth and exhaled hot breath onto my tender skin. I pushed my hands into her hair and anchored her, thrusting up against her mouth. She finally used her tongue again, painting whorls and stripes on my clit until I could hardly breathe.

"Put your fingers in me," I begged. "Three. Three fingers." I was practically babbling, but she obeyed and shoved three slender fingers inside me. She fucked me slow and steady as she suckled my clit and hummed softly. The vibrations traveled up through the center of me, adding a whole new sensation to the mélange of sensations.

"Faster," I begged. I raised my hips, feeling the sharpness of her teeth against my mound. I looked around to make sure all the shades were drawn as they were supposed to be. But the rogue thought of someone seeing me splayed across the sofa with her eating my pussy and finger-fucking me sent a thrill through me. My nipples spiked, and I pinched them

through the thin fabric of my tee.

She momentarily broke from my cunt to hiss, "Do it again."

I paid close attention as she then drew her tongue across my clit.

I pinched, and she licked, finally hitting the right speed. Then I was coming hard and fast and being quite noisy about it. But she must have liked my reaction because she hummed with pleasure.

She sat back on her haunches. "See how I had to be super blatant."

I sat up and leaned over to kiss her. I tugged the ends of her hair and said, "Not any more. That is, if this is to be more than a one-off."

"A one-off? No way, I want to get you alone in a proper bed and see what kind of magic we can make."

I sighed. "That sounds perfect. But first—"

"First, we have to close shop. Ugh. Deborah, that liar owes me an apology. Though I got to close up with you, so I guess I can give her a pass."

I smiled and hurried to finish up. There was a proper bed waiting at my place.

–A.R., Bloomington, Indiana

A PERFECT FIT

One afternoon I met my friend Hannah to go shopping. For most people, an afternoon at the mall is a fairly unremarkable activity. But most people haven't met Hannah. Elaborate parties, shopping sprees, fine dining and even sex—some of my most decadent and exciting experiences have been with her.

Hannah was chattier than usual as we browsed the racks at one of our favorite boutiques. She was clearly trying to act relaxed, but she was failing miserably. A sly smile pulled at the corners of her lips. With Hannah, that's a sure tell. She was definitely planning something.

Announcing that she would style outfits for both of us, Hannah flitted from display to display. Occasionally she'd stop to consider an item, picking it off the rack and holding it against one of us to "test the look." Every time she held a top to my chest or a skirt against my hips her knuckles brushed against an intimate place on my body.

Once we both had our arms full of clothing, we headed to the fitting rooms. Hannah darted into the largest space in the back, waving for me to join her.

I added my armful of clothes to the pile Hannah had created on the bench. Before I could choose something to try on, Hannah thrust a lace and silk corset top at me. "Try this," she said. "The ice blue will really make your eyes pop."

Hannah was rarely wrong about such things. I tugged my shirt over my head and discarded my bra and pants.

My eyes met Hannah's in the mirror. She was leaning against the far wall of the room, watching me strip. The tip of her tongue traced her lower lip. "That bustier is going to make your tits look incredible," she murmured.

Once I was all hooked into the item, I turned so Hannah could inspect me. She trailed her fingertip along the cups of the corset. The light touch of her nails against my skin made me shiver. Then her hands dipped inside, pulling my breasts from the cups.

The pads of Hannah's thumbs ran slowly over my nipples.

"I love their rosy red color," she said, keeping her eyes locked on the erect nubs. "They look like berries. Makes me want to take a taste." Her tongue darted out, lashing against one of my tiny nipples. Once it was achingly stiff, Hannah tugged the bud between her lips, laving her tongue over the tip as she drew on the sensitive bit of flesh.

My eyes darted to the dressing-room door. I could hear other customers milling around in the other fitting rooms. If I could hear them, they could certainly hear us. I bit back the moan rumbling in my chest and tugged at Hannah's hair, trying to pull her up to look at me.

Her eyes were dark with lust, and her lips pulled into a pout. They were slick with saliva and appeared slightly swollen from sucking me. They were the kind of lips that begged to be kissed. A hint of annoyance rang through her voice as she asked, "Problem?"

Mortified, I whispered, "People may hear us."

A naughty smile lifted Hannah's lips. "That's half the fun, doll."

LETTERS

↘ GIRL MEETS GIRL

"SAVORING HANNAH'S TASTE HEIGHTENED MY AROUSAL, AND MY PUSSY CLENCHED."

Hannah pushed me against the mirror. Her fingers wrapped around my thighs, pressing into my flesh so that I was braced against the glass. Heat radiated across my chest, forcing away the chill brought on by the glass against my back.

My breaths came in big, heaving gasps marked by the rapid rise and fall of my breasts. Lust battled with reason in my mind. Every bit of skin that Hannah touched was tingling. It felt like I'd stuck my finger in an electrical socket, shocking my body into a heightened state of sensation.

Hannah looked up at me. She held a finger to her lips and then yanked down my panties.

"I'm going to make you come, but you have to promise to keep quiet," she said softly.

Hannah's hand moved back to my thigh and gave it a squeeze. Then her head ducked between my legs, nudging my thighs apart until her tongue could glide along my slit.

A hot, wet flick against my clit made my hips jerk back, rattling the mirror. Hannah pushed me harder against the glass. Her nails dug into my hips, spreading fire across the sensitive flesh. Her rigid hold on me made it impossible to move. Try as I might, I couldn't press against or pull away from her tongue. Hannah kept me rooted to the spot, completely at her mercy.

A groan mingled with a moan in my chest, and I couldn't help but let the garbled sound push past my lips. Seconds later, a worker was knocking on the door.

"Is everything all right in there?"

Hannah stood and slapped a hand over my mouth. "Yes, fine," she shouted back. "Just caught my hair in the zipper of a dress, but I've got my friend in here helping, so I'm good."

"All right miss," answered the disembodied voice. "You just give a shout if either of you needs anything."

Hannah turned her attention back to me. I wilted under her smoldering gaze, bracing myself for what would come next.

"I told you to be quiet," she whispered harshly. "Looks like you need something to shut you up."

Hannah placed her hands on my shoulders then took a step back. She pushed me to my knees, planting her feet on either side of me so that she was straddling my face.

"Lick me, Stephie," she ordered, clutching her skirt in one hand.

I stroked my hands over Hannah's bare thighs, determined to make her lose control. Little goose pimples blossomed across her skin, presenting me with physical evidence that she was very excited by my touch.

I slid my hands higher, fanning my fingertips so that every caress brushed against her pussy. When I reached the edge of her panties, I curled my fingers into the lace and used my nails to tear through the center. The long split down the front of her panties perfectly framed the thick, rosy lips of Hannah's cunt.

Before I could take a taste, both of Hannah's hands landed on the back of my head. She pulled my face against her pussy, rocking her hips and slamming her slit against my mouth.

Wetness from Hannah's pussy glazed my lips, her sweet and salty flavor nearly making me swoon. I opened my mouth wider, dragging the tip of my tongue along the seam of her.

Though I could feel tremors of pleasure rocking Hannah's body, she never once emitted so much as a whimper. Frustrated by her self-control, I increased the intensity of my tongue's motion.

Determined to make Hannah lose her cool, I circled the opening of her sensitive

passage, tentatively pushing my tongue into the silky wet hole. When I finally plunged my tongue within, her muscles contracted rhythmically. I wiggled my tongue while I worked my jaw, using my lips to massage Hannah's folds, fucking her from the inside out.

Changing my tactic, I traced the tip of my tongue along Hannah's slit, lapping up all those tasty juices she was making for me. Then I latched my lips around her clit, humming against the sensitive bud until Hannah's thighs trembled against my cheeks.

I flicked the tip of my tongue across Hannah's clit, pounding out a sharp, staccato rhythm. My fingers teased at her slit, gently working the folds apart. I slipped one finger inside Hannah's entrance. I crooked the tip, pushing against her sweet spot with every thrust. Still, no matter how much I worked her most sensitive places, Hannah never made a sound.

I slid in a second finger to join the massage, hoping to send Hannah into a frenzy that would break her silence. Her thighs trembled, shaking with the effort it took to hold herself steady against my very thorough exploration of her pussy.

A barrage of flicks against Hannah's clit made her knees close tight around my head. I pushed my fingers forward in her pussy, matching the rhythm I set with my tongue.

Finally, Hannah's muscles seized, spasming with the force of her climax. Her knees shook and her legs gave out, pitching her forward. Despite this massive loss of control, she remained perfectly silent.

Hannah stood straight and took a few steadying breaths before speaking. "I told you I could keep quiet," she said softly. "Now let's see if you learned anything from me."

Hannah threw me onto the bench that was piled high with clothes. She sank to her knees, centering herself between my parted thighs and getting comfortable.

Her tongue pressed against the seam of my pussy, gliding along the slit. She danced around my opening, licking and flicking so that my hips writhed.

First one, then two, and finally three fingers pressed at my entrance before sliding inside. She massaged my inner muscles, coaxing pleasure from my core. My mouth hung open in a silent moan. When I traced my tongue along my lips, I could still taste the tang of Hannah's honey.

Savoring Hannah's taste only heightened my arousal, and my pussy clenched hard around her fingers. Taking this as a plea for more, she pumped into me faster and harder.

Hannah's lips closed around my clit. My head tilted back when she sucked the sensitive bud between her teeth. I still hadn't come down from her earlier tongue-lashing, and the flavor of Hannah's arousal lingering on my lips made my own climax rush over me.

A mind-bending orgasm rocked my body, making my limbs vibrate. I bit down hard on my lower lip, determined to keep quiet despite losing control.

The last waves of bliss rolled over me, and I relaxed into a semi-conscious state. My eyes fluttered open, taking in the disheveled pile of clothes around me before my gaze landed on Hannah.

She flashed me a satisfied smirk.

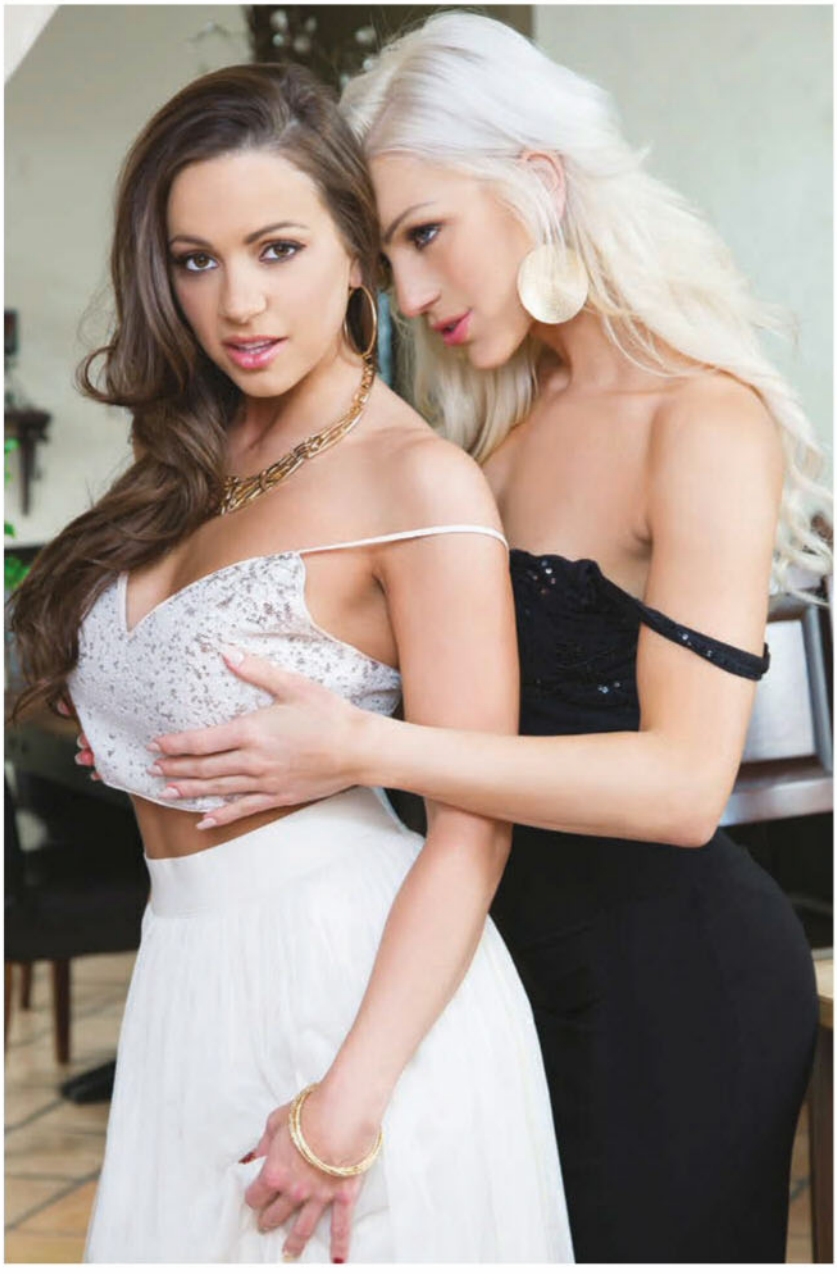
"Now that I know you can keep quiet, we'll definitely be doing this again."

My post-orgasmic glow lingered, leaving me sluggish as I completed my purchase and left the store in a daze.

Keeping my pleasure under wraps was hard, but the payoff was well worth the risk of discovery.

–S.H., Union, New Jersey

Have you dabbled in the pleasures of Sappho? Share your tale of titillation by sending your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department GG, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

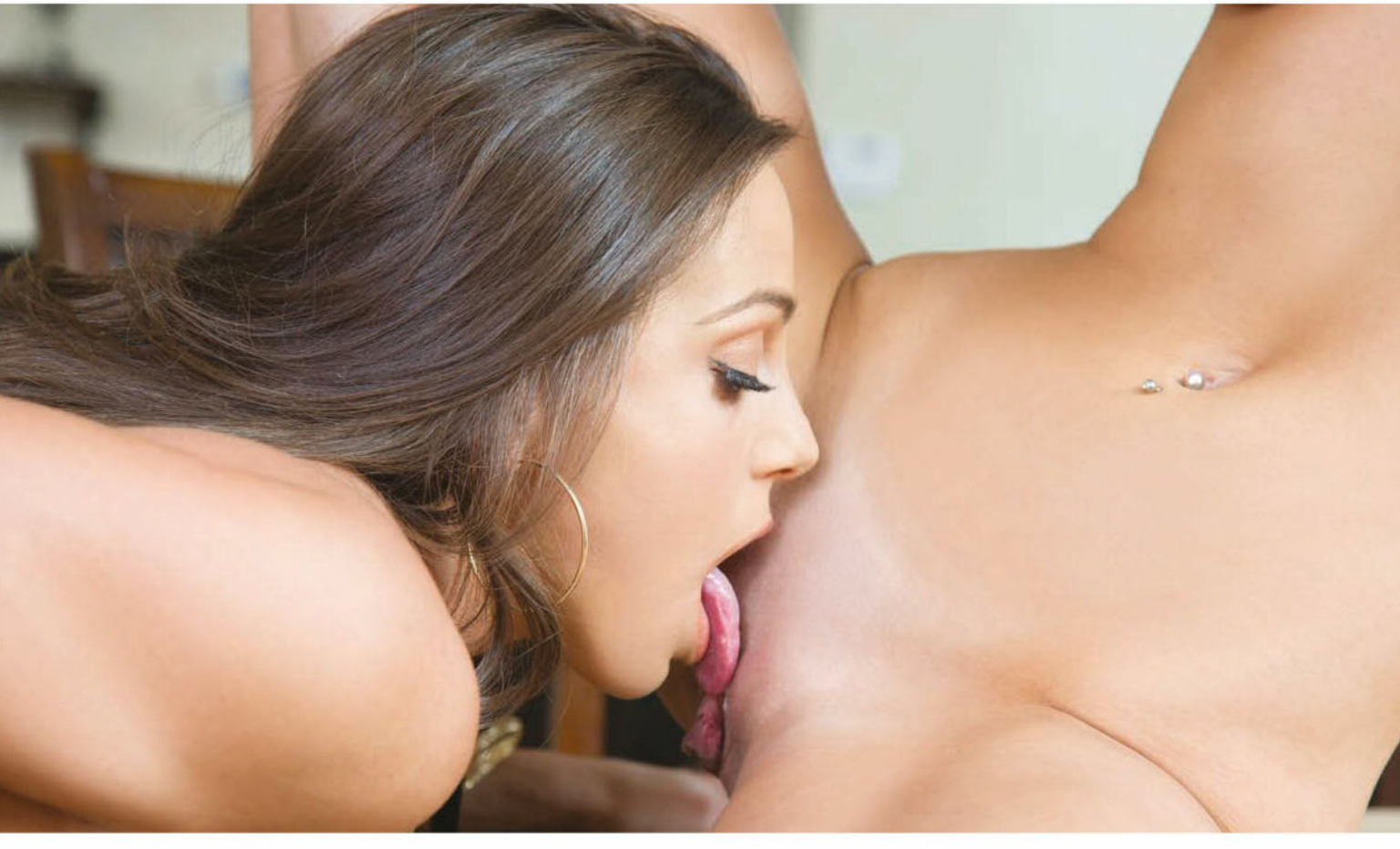


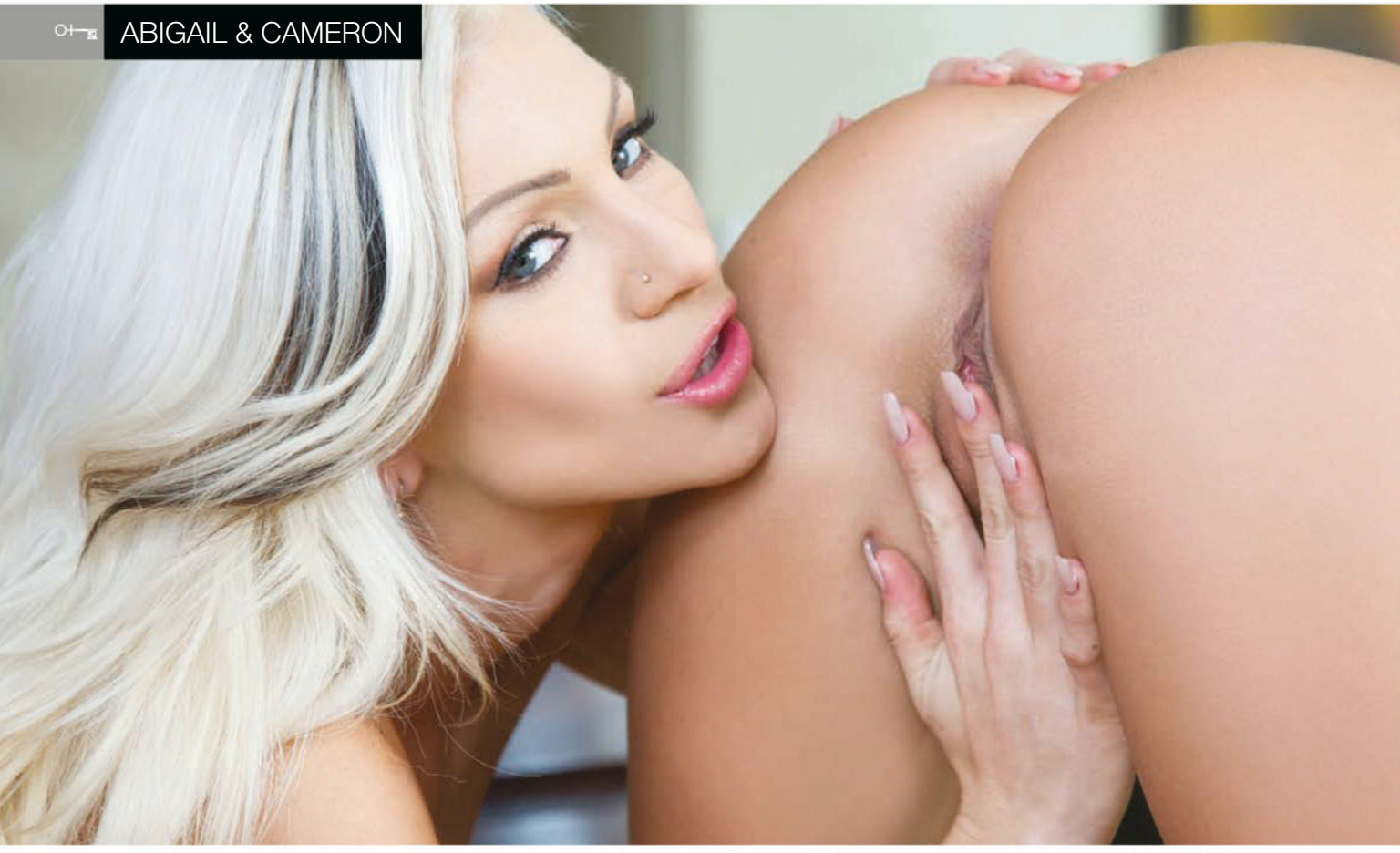
BRUNCH BUDDIES

A FRIENDLY GET-TOGETHER BECOMES SO MUCH MORE FOR TWO HUNGRY DAMES.

"CAMERON'S CUNT IS JUICIER THAN ANY PIECE OF FRUIT."

—ABIGAIL





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SUMMER ESCAPE

An adventurous twosome doubles their fun when they meet a pair of women in the wild.

By Shannon McDonnell

Colin could hardly believe his luck when Jenna moved into the apartment across the hall. She was the most attractive woman he'd ever met, hands down. Their first encounter in the elevator left him tongue-tied. Jenna—a vivacious siren with honey-blonde hair bouncing on bare, suntanned shoulders—hurried toward the closing doors. Colin put out his arm to stop them for her.

"Thanks," she said, leaning against the back wall of the elevator in a thin camisole top and denim short-shorts. He nearly drowned in her liquid green eyes.

When the doors opened on their floor, she headed down the hall and he trailed behind, entranced. Just before she disappeared into her apartment, she looked back and cast him a flirty smile. Colin couldn't get that smile out of his mind for days.

On their first date, he took her to dinner downtown. Jenna sipped a vodka tonic and told Colin, "I'm a big-city girl from California. This Arizona heat is crazy. It's a dry heat, they say. Whatever that means."

Colin laughed. "It doesn't mean much at this time of year. August is monsoon season. Hot and humid. Thunderstorms."

"Hmmm." She twirled a strand of linguine on her fork. "When I was growing up in east L.A., we used to go camping in the mountains to escape the heat. I loved those trips. We'd pitch our tents and cook meals over a campfire."

"Sounds awesome."

"A couple of times it rained, and that wasn't so fun," Jenna recalled. "My tent couldn't really handle it."

"My dad loves to camp, too. He has a travel trailer."

Jenna looked interested. "Maybe we could use it some time?"

"Yeah, that'd be cool."

On their third date Jenna, prodded by the summer's relentless heat, brought up the subject again.

"Tell me more about your dad's camping trailer."

"Well, it's small, but compared to a tent, it's a castle. There's a shower and a bathroom and a tiny kitchen. Real walls and a roof to keep the rain out. And a real bed."

Jenna's lips curled into a coy smile. "Go on."

"My dad's just up in Flagstaff. That's about three hours from here. Great high-country camping there."

"SHE ROCKED AGAINST HIM, TWERKING HER FRAME TO MASH HER CLIT AGAINST HIS ROOT."

"Do you think he'd let you borrow the trailer for a couple nights?"

"Sure. I'd have to take his truck, too, but I'd leave him my car." Colin paused. "You know, it's supposed to be 110 degrees this weekend. It'll be a lot cooler in Flagstaff."

She leaned in close and kissed him. "Let's call your dad."

A week later they were sitting in lounge chairs beside the Winnebago, surrounded on three sides by huge pine trees. A light breeze rustled the boughs, making sunlight and shadows dance across the ground. Directly ahead, a small, picturesque lake beckoned.

"This is beautiful," Jenna said. "Let's go lay by the water's edge." She stood up and headed for the trailer door.

"Isn't the lake that way?"

"Yeah, but my swimsuit's in here." The screen door closed behind her.

A couple of minutes later, Jenna emerged from the trailer in a black bikini. The suit was a simple one, just three small triangles of fabric and some string, but on Jenna it was the sexiest thing he had ever seen—especially when he got a glimpse of her backside. Jenna's derriere was smooth, round and utterly delectable.

She tossed a beach towel at him. "Coming, gawky?"

They spread sunscreen on one another and stretched out on their towels. Overhead, the scattered clouds were growing larger. "It might rain," Colin said. "Thundershowers are typical up here in the summer."

"Let it rain. We'll be cozy inside the Winnie."

Colin didn't think he'd ever tear his eyes away from her sun-kissed ass, but a sound from the water drew his attention. "Hey, look. We're not alone."

Near the opposite shore, two women in their 20s swam together, sending gentle ripples outward on the water. Their voices drifted across the lake in a quiet murmur, occasionally punctuated by laughter. On the beach behind them, Colin saw two towels laid out, and farther back, a tent in the trees.

The swimmers came together in a passionate embrace. They drifted apart, swam together again and kissed.

"Huh," said Jenna, watching intently.

After a few minutes, the women waded ashore on their side of the beach. As they emerged from the water and sprawled on

their towels, it was plain to see that both were nude.

"That's the only way to swim in a mountain lake like this," said Jenna, smiling. "You think they've spotted us?"

One of the girls raised her arm and waved.

"Guess so," Colin said.

Jenna was fascinated. "They don't care. In fact, they *want* us to look."

Colin sensed a change come over her. She reached back, untied the straps of her bikini top and dropped it to the ground. Lifting her butt, she stripped off her thong and tossed that aside, too.

"Voilà," she declared, looking at Colin with a smile of exhilaration.

He was mesmerized.

Jenna slapped his thigh. "Stop staring and drop trou."

Snapping out of it, he shucked his shorts and underwear. A thrill of nervous excitement raced through him. "Four can play at this game, right?"

They looked across the lake and saw the two women staring back at them. Jenna stood up, hiding nothing and waved. When she turned back toward Colin, he gazed openly at her body, enjoying her shapely breasts, sexy belly button and caramel-colored strip of pubic hair. Jenna kept her bush well-trimmed at the sides, but the pubes that remained were long and curly.

Jenna reclined on her towel again. For a while they all lay in bohemian splendor, staked out to opposite sides of the lake but bonded by their insouciant nakedness.

The two women rolled toward one another and began to make out. Colin and Jenna watched spellbound as the darker girl knelt low and pushed her face into the juncture of her companion's pale thighs. In moments, the prostrate girl

was clawing at the ground and climaxing loudly. Her full-throated cries of pleasure wafted on the breeze.

Jenna glanced at Colin, and he saw the arousal in her eyes. Her gaze fell on his erection, which was standing proudly and bobbing in the fresh air. She scooted to his side and curled her hand around his cock. Colin sighed happily and reached out to touch her soft hair. His palm slid down her back to the top of her ass.

The other couple was almost totally consumed with one another, lying on the shore together in a passionate 69, but the woman on top—the blonde—snuck a glance at Colin and Jenna now and then. As Jenna watched them pleasure one another, she stroked the full length of Colin's dick, which eventually won the battle for her attention. She turned toward Colin and, with a little cry of excitement, lowered her mouth over the top of his cock. As she bent to her task, her breasts brushed against his thighs; he could feel her nipples hardening into stiff points.

"Oh, fuck," Colin murmured, losing himself in the sensual pleasures of Jenna's eager mouth. He watched her full lips slide back and forth along his shaft, her tongue intermittently lapped at his crown. He curled his fingers in her hair as she bobbed up and down, making salacious slurping sounds. Colin didn't think he could take more than a minute or two of Jenna's superb oral talents before shooting his load down her throat.

They didn't quite reach the point of no return, however. Jenna pushed Colin down on his towel and squatted over him. Gazing up at her face, Colin saw such powerful desire burning in her beautiful green eyes that he hardly noticed the gathering storm clouds in the sky above her head.

"Time for us to fuck." Jenna held his slick cock to the entrance of her pussy and deftly impaled herself. "Oh my God, yes. That's a nice thick dick, Colin. You feel so good inside me." She sat back a little when she bottomed out against his balls, and the adjustment propelled the last half-inch of Colin's penis into her dripping channel. Her eyes flicked away from Colin's for a moment. "Yes, they're watching us right now," she said, looking across the water. "It's so hot to be watched. I love watching them, too. Don't you? Let's give them a show."

She rocked against him, twerking her lithe frame to mash her clit against his root. He caressed her breasts, enthralled with their lusciousness. The first raindrops began to fall just as her body tensed up with a quick, hard climax. Her eyes fluttered closed, and when she opened them, they blazed with renewed lust. "Make me come again," she beseeched, before bending low to whisper in his ear: "Take me there again, and I'll take you with me."

Inspired, Colin grabbed her ass cheeks and began jacking his hips off the ground, driving his cock into the clasping wetness of her cunt. His hands slid over her rain-dappled skin as she worked her body atop him. When he reached up again to palm her breasts and tweak her nipples, she moaned with pleasure. Jenna's body was smooth and silky everywhere he touched. Her passion rose with Colin's, and she bounced vigorously on his cock, occasionally glancing across the lake.

"They've finished, Colin. They're getting up to go!" Faster and faster she rode him, propelled by a fierce urgency as a light, steady rain fell. "Come for me, baby. Come for—oh shit! That's it, I'm coming!" She pressed her hands to his chest and bounced frenetically on his cock as she cried out. Her orgasmic shouts were as loud as those of the pair on the far shore had been. Colin felt her pussy gush wetly, her velvety inner walls milking him. The sensation was so exquisite that cream exploded from his dick and spurted into Jenna's depths. He moaned and held her supple body tight against him until the throbs of ecstasy ran their course.

A crack of thunder rolled across the landscape as they gathered their things and hurried into the trailer.

"Those girls probably wish they had an RV like this right now," said Colin as he put his boxers back on.

"It's just a shower." Jenna slipped into an oversized sleep shirt. "They'll be all right as long as it doesn't rain any harder."

The patter of drops on the trailer's roof

was already tapering off, and soon stopped altogether. Colin started a campfire in the ring of rocks outside. They barbecued hot dogs and cooked foil-wrapped potatoes in the flames, just as Jenna had done years ago. As night settled over the alpine forest, they watched the crackling fire and passed a bottle of cinnamon whiskey back and forth.

"Helluva day," Colin said.

Jenna cast him a roguish grin. "It's not over yet."

Eventually, the stars disappeared as more clouds rolled in. They kicked dirt over the dying embers and went inside. Later in bed, Colin was hyper-conscious of his tantalizing companion beside him, naked beneath her sleep shirt.

A hard rain began to fall and the wind rose, buffeting the trailer slightly. A flash of lightning lit up the windows, followed by thunder. Jenna snugged close to Colin and slipped her hand inside his boxers. "I'm horny."

Colin pulled her shirt up and the bed covers down. A sustained flash of lightning illuminated Jenna's shapely legs as they parted. Darkness fell again as he bent to taste her. But before he could, someone knocked on the trailer door.

"What the—"

"Those two girls! It's got to be. Colin, go see."

He turned on the porch light and peered through a window. "You're right." He opened the door and invited the two women in. Thoroughly drenched and bedraggled, they hurried inside.

"Thanks," said the dark-haired woman, turning off her flashlight. "Our tent didn't hold up."

Her companion added, "We could have hiked to our car, but your trailer's a lot closer and we thought—"

"It's no problem," said Jenna, who had come to stand by Colin. "You're welcome here with us."

This could get interesting, Colin thought.

A crack of thunder followed another flash of lightning.

"Thanks. I'm Evie," said the blonde.

"THE FIRST RAINDROPS BEGAN TO FALL AS HER BODY TENSED UP WITH A QUICK CLIMAX."

"And I'm Carrie," said the brunette.

"I'm Jenna, and he's Colin."

There were self-conscious smiles all around, each of them hyper-conscious of the day's earlier events.

"Get out of those wet clothes," said Jenna. "You can both take a hot shower, as long as you're quick." She glanced at Colin, unsure of their water and gas supplies, but he nodded.

With profuse expressions of gratitude, the newcomers got undressed where they stood. When Carrie caught Colin looking, she laughed. "What's the diff? You've already seen us naked."

You were 50 yards away, thought Colin. *Now you're standing right in front of me. And you're fucking hot, both of you.*

Carrie was petite but superbly endowed with full breasts and a shapely butt. Her pubic zone was waxed completely smooth. Evie was a few inches taller, with a more willowy figure. Her small breasts were high and perky, and her patch of golden pubes glistened with traces of rainwater. A small lightning bolt was tattooed on the left cheek of her heart-shaped ass.

Carrie showered first, then Evie took her place in the tiny chamber.

"We're not a couple, at least not in the traditional sense," Carrie volunteered as she toweled off. "We're not gay, either. We swing both ways." She curled a lock of her damp hair in her fingers. "I just like to have fun. We both do."

Evie stepped out of the shower, and Carrie handed her the other bath towel.

"So, um, you guys can sleep with us," Jenna said.

They all looked at the bed.

EROTICA

"It's a real queen-size mattress," Colin felt compelled to point out. "But I think I can convert this dinette into a little bed for myself—"

"I'm not kicking you out of your own bed," said Evie.

"We'll all sleep together and keep each other warm," added Carrie.

"Right," declared Jenna. "It'll be fun."

Colin looked at the three of them, thinking Jenna had just made the understatement of the year.

Carrie joined Jenna under the covers. Evie followed suit, giving Colin a flirty once-over as she passed by him. His cock throbbed as he followed her.

Jenna had left a narrow space for him on her right. Carrie lay on Jenna's immediate left, with Evie on the far left. When Colin climbed in, the bed creaked and they all laughed. He reached up and turned off the reading light overhead.

Jenna pulled off her night shirt. As she leaned over Colin to toss the shirt to the floor, her breast grazed his face. Beneath the sheets, her hand encountered his boxer shorts. "Hey. You're the only one who's not naked."

The other two picked up the cause.

"COLIN BEGAN JACKING HIS HIPS OFF THE GROUND, DRIVING HIS COCK INTO HER CUNT."

"Get him out of those undies!" Evie cried. They ganged up on him, six hands pulling, pushing and groping in the dark. Colin pretended to resist. At last he, too, was bare from head to toe.

"I can't really see it, but it *feels* like a beautiful dick," murmured Carrie in the dark as she ran her hand up and down the length of Colin's manhood.

"Let me feel." Evie's hand took over. "Mmm," she purred. "I like."

Eventually she let go, and Colin heard the sounds of ardent kissing, accompanied by soft moans. His eyes had adjusted to the darkness well enough for him to see that Carrie and Evie were making out, their limbs entwined.

Jenna turned to Colin, and her hand found his cock. He kissed her, then dove beneath the covers and brushed his mouth over her vulva. His fingers moved through her downy pubic curls and spread her pussy lips open so he could delve more deeply into her secret recesses.

"Oh, fuck yes," she said, pushing her sex against his mouth. "Suck my clit."

He found her swollen nub and suckled with insistent pressure, making her shudder. Her moan was loud in the darkness, but they had no reason to care, as Evie and Carrie were moaning, too. Someone tossed the covers back, and cool air washed over Colin. As he worshiped Jenna's slit, he was aware of Carrie's body close by. He glanced that way and saw Evie's hand between Carrie's legs, plying her wet folds. A moment later, Evie came down beside Colin and lowered her face to Carrie's bald snatch. Side-by-side they gave their oral best to Jenna and Carrie, who thrashed about with cries of delight. When Colin lifted his face from Jenna's sopping cleft, he saw she was making out with Carrie. They were kissing and feeling each other up, a sight which really turned him on. He lowered his face once more to Jenna's hot, wet pussy and licked her clit with ultrafast flicks of his tongue. Evie worked on her partner with equal verve. Carrie and Jenna climaxed at the same time, their moans filling the trailer.

In a flash of lightning, Evie turned to Colin and pressed her lips to his, each of them tasting girl juice on the other's sloppy lips. They lay back and found themselves between Jenna and Carrie, who had rolled apart.

"Our turn," Evie whispered. She moved onto her side, and he spooned her, enjoying the soft suppleness of her rump nestling against his erection.

Jenna, behind Colin, reached around him to stroke his throbbing dick. "You going to

fuck her, Colin? I want to watch."

"She wants it," added Carrie, who was stroking and kissing Evie's breasts.

Evie rubbed her ass against Colin. "Of course, I do. Don't wait another second, Colin. I want to feel your cock inside me."

He nudged his cockhead between her plush pussy lips just as she backed up, propelling him inside.

"Ah, that's right," Evie said. "It's been a while since I've fucked a real dick. Hell yeah, you feel good." She rocked back and forth on Colin's rod, taking him all the way to the hilt.

Colin hooked one hand over her shoulder and the other on her waist, and he thrust into her creamy depths with authority. As Evie's cries of passion intensified, Jenna embraced Colin from the back. He felt Jenna's hands on him, sliding everywhere. Moaning, he powered harder into Evie.

"Yes–yes! I'm coming," the blonde shouted as she rocked back against him. Inspired by her cries, Colin soon reached his own tipping point. Withdrawing his cock from the enchanting clasp of Evie's snatch, he gave a mighty groan and shot his load onto her backside.

"Let me taste it!" Carrie exclaimed, scooping a dollop onto her finger.

"You dirty girl," Jenna snickered. "Save some for me."

Colin lay back and watched them, feeling so turned on by their debauchery that his erection never faded.

Carrie crouched on all fours beside the other women, arresting Colin's attention. He stared at her full, round ass as she looked back at him..

"I hope you're not too tired to fuck me in the butt," Carrie said, casting him a look of molten desire over her shoulder.

"Yeah, Carrie's got a thing for anal sex," said Evie.

"Come here." Jenna beckoned him over, and he complied. She wrapped her lips around his steely cock. For half a minute she sucked and licked him, lubing him up for his impending adventure.

"There you go. Now you're ready."

Meanwhile, Evie had knelt behind Carrie and was swabbing her friend's rear hole with wet swirls of her tongue. When Colin approached, Evie sat back and he took her place behind Carrie's captivating derriere. Gripping her hip with one hand, he used the other to guide his dick into her rear opening. She was tight but pliant, and Carrie moaned with approval, pushing back at him as he eased forward slowly. The bulbous crown of his dick disappeared into her back passage, gradually followed by an inch of his shaft.

"Ooh, yes," Carrie cooed, reaching back to feel where his erection was entering her tight little aperture. A long, low moan escaped her lips, and she shoved backward again, driving him deeper.

Using both hands, Colin spread her cheeks and leaned into her. Before long, his entire cock was buried in her rear passage. Her ring of muscle gripped him firmly, but he could feel her relaxing as she grew acclimated to the intrusion.

With an earthy grunt, Carrie rocked forward and back on her elbows and knees as Evie reached a hand between her thighs to stroke her clit. Colin strained to see every detail in the gloom as his rigid shaft plundered her backdoor. A shimmer of lightning helped out for a second, bathing Carrie's ass and his cock in an otherworldly glow. The exquisite clasping action of her rear entrance promised to coax forth all the cream he still possessed.

As Colin began pounding away at her bottom, Carrie shuddered with arousal until finally slipping into paroxysms of ecstasy. She pitched back and forth, slamming her butt against Colin's groin before burying her face in Evie's chest and heaving quiet sobs of joy. Their wild undulations made the trailer shimmy on its axles.

Colin jacked a dozen times more into the heavenly confines of Carrie's ass. Slamming in for the last stroke, his body tensed and his dick spurted semen. Carrie's palpitating orifice seduced every last drop from his balls before he finally collapsed into Jenna's welcoming arms.

After that, sleep came quickly for them all, despite the tight quarters. Before he drifted off into a deep, dreamless slumber, Colin reflected that he'd found the perfect partner in Jenna. Now he just had to get a travel trailer of his own!

LETTER OF THE MONTH

HOUSEWARMING

With a brand-new home at their disposal, a couple decides to spread the love and share an erotic encounter in every room!

Our new house was a three-story brownstone. We'd coveted one for as long as I could remember, and when this one came onto the market we snatched it up.

Jared fell in love with the third floor and had plans to make it his art studio. I called dibs on the extra rooms on the second floor for my exercise space and office.

On the evening we moved in, we stood in a sunny spot on the third floor and stared out the window as the sun began to set. It was amazing. The fact that this place was ours made the view even more awe inspiring. Jared wrapped his arms around me from behind and squeezed me. His mouth came down on the back of my neck, and I shivered. He laughed softly. "I plan to fuck you from the top floor of this house to the bottom. Eventually, we'll hit every room in the place. And then we can start over."

Hearing this turned me on. Jared wasn't much of a dirty-talker, so when he did say scandalous things, the effects went straight to my pussy.

I ground my ass back against him and felt his cock harden. "I say we start tonight."

He kissed the back of my neck again as his hands came up to cup my breasts. He pinched my nipples hard through my graphic tee, and when I gasped, he repeated the act, giving the pinch a little more oomph. The pressure on those sensitive bits of skin took my breath away.

"Oh yeah? Should we start in this room? This studio room where all my paintings will be scattered? And paint and tarps and brushes and…"

I turned in his arms and kissed him. "Let's start here. Now. And let's fuck every day for five days and see how far we can get. I read an article about a five-day sex challenge."

"Challenge accepted," Jared said. He smiled at me and then kissed me. His mouth was soft at first and then the kiss deepened and the pressure hardened. He walked me backward until my ass hit the windowsill. We had an AC unit running in the other window so this one was closed, and I let him push me flush against the glass.

"What if people see?"

"Then they'll know we're making the house ours," he said, chuckling.

"HE NUDGED MY CUNT WITH HIS COCK AS MY FINGERS DANCED ON THE WINDOWPANE."

He pulled my tee over my head and tossed it over his shoulder, and I couldn't help but giggle. He undid the front clasp of my bra and tossed that, too. Then he dragged his thick fingers down the center of my belly so that my muscles jumped and rippled.

"Off with the shorts," he breathed.

I pushed down my shorts and disposed of them. I stood there, utterly bare but for a pair of pink panties with yellow stars on them.

"Oh, these are nice," he said. "I like these. But not enough to let you keep them on. Off they go."

Before I could make a move, he shoved them down himself. When they puddled around my ankles I kicked them away.

"There she is. All pretty and naked. Now let's fuck."

With that he pushed his hand between my thighs. He slid two fingers inside me and started to fuck me that way, finding my G-spot instantly. He knew my body almost as well as I did. Within moments, I was bucking against his hand–so, so wet and so, so ready for him to fuck me. "Please," I begged.

"Soon," he said. Jared got down on his knees and parted my pussy lips with his fingers. He studied me carefully, taking long enough to make me squirm. His hands were settled lightly on my hips, and I wiggled in his loose grip. When I'd squirmed enough to make him smile, he leaned forward and delivered one slow lick to my clitoris.

I moaned.

"Oh, the little clitty is already happy," he cooed, making me insane.

He gave me another slow lick, and I lost it, grabbing the back of his head and pulling him to me. I pushed my pussy to his bearded face and held him there until his tongue took up the rhythm I wanted–I needed. Once he did that, it was only seconds before I came–hard, fast and gushing.

He stood, licking his glossy lips. He pulled me from the window but then turned me so my tits were mashed against the thick, old glass. "Spread your legs."

I groaned at the command and immediately obeyed, spreading my legs as he stepped in close. His hands clamped down on my hips, and he nudged my cunt opening with his cockhead as my fingers danced restlessly on the windowpane.

Without another word, he started

LETTER OF THE MONTH

fucking me, using hard, fast strokes that stole my breath. Each burst of movement drove me against the glass of the window over and over again. Every time he thrust deep inside me, he hit tender, desperate places that rocked me to my core. When the buildup of pleasure became unbearable, I climaxed, crying out against the window so the sound was both augmented and muffled.

He slammed into me a few more times and then came with a bellow.

Jared kissed the back of my neck and then nipped it just hard enough to make me shiver. "Where do we do it tomorrow?"

"My exercise studio," I said on a sigh.

The next day, I had my morning run and did battle ropes and then sprinted through my errands. We'd decided we could stop our respective projects around three o'clock and meet up in my studio for some afternoon delight.

I scurried through the front door at 2:45 and shoved an entire grocery bag in the fridge, even though only half of the food needed to be in there. I badly needed a shower before I hooked up with Jared.

I was tossing clothes as I went down the hall when his hand appeared from a room full of boxes and snagged my wrist.

"EVERY TIME HE THRUST DEEP INSIDE ME, HE HIT TENDER PLACES THAT ROCKED ME."

"Jared! I have to take a show–"

He reeled me in and planted a kiss on me. "I like you dirty."

"Eew," I said.

"Not eew. You're all flushed and mussed and gorgeous."

He had his arms wrapped around me, and he was propelling me into my exercise studio swiftly.

"Jared. Seriously, I'm gross."

"I think it's sexy," he whispered against my ear. A tremor passed through me.

He walked us toward my brand-new weight bench. I'd been doing the personal trainer gig for a bit and would be having clients into the house a few times a week. Being new, the bench was spotless and clean.

"Down," he said, pushing me until I settled.

He put his hand on the center of my chest and nudged until I relented and lay back. "This is perfect," he said.

"Perfect?" I was trying to figure out how it was perfect as he worked my leggings down around my hips. Underneath I was bare. He traced my labia with his fingertip, pushed his finger into my cunt and drew my own wetness across my clit. I moaned.

"Yeah, perfect height." He took his jeans off and then his boxer briefs. He threw his tee across the room. Then he stood over me, stroking his big, hard cock. "Take the ponytail out."

"My hair will–"

"Be amazing," he interrupted.

I pulled the band out of my hair and felt it swish around my head. I'd recently tinted the highlights with blue and teal. Jared said it was like fucking a mermaid. Something he very much enjoyed.

Then he was on his knees, hauling my hips to the edge of the bench. He positioned himself between my thighs and plunged his dick inside me with one hard stroke.

I forgot all about my sweaty workout clothes and my damp, crazy hair–and the fact that he'd waylaid me before I could get to the shower. My focus was narrowed to where he was thrusting in and out of me and where his thumb was making slow, lazy revolutions on my clit.

"Oh," I managed to say. Brilliant.

He leaned over and kissed my belly. My stomach broke out in goosebumps. My nipples spiked. I reached up without thinking and pinched them. I moved against him as much as I could to take him deeper.

His hands were tight on my hips as he

fucked me, drawing me to him every time he pushed forward. My hair swished on the bench and whispered in my ear.

"Fucking the mermaid," he said, smiling down at me. The rhythm of his thumb on my clit increased, and then I was climaxing. My pussy milked his cock, gripping him tight and rippling with each wave of pleasure.

His eyes drifted shut as he fucked me harder and faster, and then he came, letting his head hang down and his big body shudder.

"Are you starving now?" he asked, cracking one eye to stare down at me.

"I am."

He helped me up. "Shower. Then we'll go out to eat."

"I bought stuff to make dinner."

"Tomorrow," he said, kissing my nose. "I'm taking my girl out to eat. We fucked like we just met, so let's go on a date."

I shook my head but smiled. Before I could walk away, he snagged me by the end of my hair and tugged lightly. "Where are we fucking tomorrow, pretty?"

"Hmm…the first floor TV room?"

"Sold."

I had a client the following day, and it was really hard for me to focus on reps and nutritional advice when I kept thinking about fucking my husband in the TV room later. We had a large leather sofa in there, some comfy chairs, our TV, obviously, and a lot of art we'd collected over the years.

All I could envision was sex on that sofa. Or maybe a chair. Or maybe one and then the other.

"You okay?" my client Jen asked, doing her final bench press rep.

"I'm fine. Just daydreaming I guess."

She held out a hand, and I helped her sit up.

"You're getting laid a lot," she said.

I blinked, and a small cackle escaped me. "What?"

"You have rosy cheeks that have nothing to do with exercise and your eyes are super shiny and bright."

I shook my head. "Bicep curls. Three sets of ten."

She stood and grabbed the free weights. "Deny it if you want, but I know I'm right."

She caught me off guard a moment later by saying nonchalantly, "What time is it supposed to go down today?"

"After you leave," I said without thinking. Then I shook my head.

"I can totally go now if you want, so you can—"

"Don't even try it," I said. "Finish your curls 'cause we're moving on to triceps next."

She sighed, and I laughed. I was tempted but not enough to let her get away with blowing off her workout.

When she left, I managed a quick shower and pulled on a pair of hot pink shorts and a tank top. The air conditioner was running, but I was feeling pretty damn flushed.

I heard Jared down in the TV room, and my pussy flooded with juices.

I hurried down the hall barefoot, to find him putting on a movie we watched often. It was a suspense film we both loved, partly because it had a smoking-hot sex scene in it. He'd cued it up to that point.

"I figured we could watch this real quick. I have a feeling it's all it will take to set us off."

"It's like two minutes long," I said. But I took the hand he offered and sat on the leather sofa next to him. My cunt

LETTER OF THE MONTH

pounded with every beat of my heart.

He pushed play, and we held hands and watched the couple onscreen have sex in a steamy shower accompanied by a throaty blues song.

I turned to him the moment the scene was over. With the movie still running, I cupped his face in my hands and kissed him. "Now take your pants off."

"Take my pants off?"

"You heard me. Don't pull that fake innocence."

He pulled his shorts down, and his cock sprang free. He wore nothing underneath. "There."

I nodded and took him in hand before bending over and wrapping my lips around his erection. I sucked his dick just long enough to make him hiss and push his hand into my hair. Then I swept my lips down his cock repeatedly before sitting up. I straddled his lap and pushed him flush to the back of the sofa. "Sit back and enjoy," I whispered in his ear as I sank down onto his hard dick.

"WHEN THE BUILDUP OF PLEASURE BECAME UNBEARABLE, I CLIMAXED, CRYING OUT."

I held his shoulders as I slid up and down the length of his cock. I flexed my pussy so I gripped him tight. He moaned helplessly.

"I'm taking all that cock," I hissed. "My pussy's stretching to take every bit of your big dick."

This time his moan was deeper—desperate. His excitement and arousal were palpable and threatened to overtake him completely.

Wild with lust, he thrust up from beneath me over and over again, hitting exactly where I needed. I came with a sigh and bit his earlobe. He grabbed my hips, drove up from beneath me and came with a shivery sound that made the hair on my neck stand on end.

"That was…wow," he said, driving up from beneath me one more time. My pussy quivered, and I sighed.

"Yes, that was wow."

"So what's on tap for tomorrow?" he asked.

"I'll let you know when I decide," I answered cryptically. I liked the idea of keeping him on edge.

"Blowjob in the first-floor bathroom—now," was the text I sent when I was ready to spring into action.

I heard Jared's feet on the stairs a moment later. We had two days left in our sex experiment, and I wanted to suck his cock until he came in my mouth and made that noise that nearly turned me inside out.

A fast and sexy blowjob in the bathroom seemed a good plan.

I was waiting when the door flew open. I sat on the edge of the claw-foot tub and yanked him toward me by the waistband of his shorts. I tugged them down and pushed at his boxer briefs. His cock—fully hard—sprang free. I sucked the tip into my mouth and then tongued the slit in the top. I gathered a salty slick of pre-come from his crown and then slid my parted lips down one side of his shaft. I came up the other side, using the same open-mouthed kiss. Then I swallowed his shaft, and after my lips brushed the base of his cock I started blowing him using a lazy rhythm.

When Jared put his hands in my hair and started fucking my mouth—taking what he needed—I let him be in charge of the tempo.

I cupped his balls in my hand and squeezed gently. He gave a grunt and a

shiver and came, flooding my mouth with the briny taste of his orgasm.

"Wow," he said, wiping my lips with his thumb.

"Wow," I echoed.

The next day I went to the attic to find the free weights that for some reason didn't end up in my studio. At the top of the steps a hand reached out and grabbed me.

I gave a shriek, and he laughed. I managed to suck in enough oxygen to not faint.

"Today I figured we'd celebrate our lovely attic by me eating that pussy. Now show me those titties."

I rolled my eyes but pulled my tank top down to show him my breasts. He immediately sucked a pink nipple in his mouth and rolled his tongue over the hard peak.

"Jesus," I sighed. It felt so good.

His hand slipped down into my leggings, and he pushed a finger inside me. When he curled it, warm pleasure flooded my body.

"We can get rid of these." He pushed my leggings down, and I stepped free of them.

"And this." My tank was flung across the room.

"Sit," he said, whisking a sheet off an old easy chair we still hadn't found a place for.

I sat. He got down between my legs and pushed my thighs wide, pressing against them with enough force that I could hardly move them. He bent and licked my pussy slowly, his tongue hot and wet on my already swollen clit. The moment he'd taken my leggings off a steady thump started between my legs.

His tongue was thrilling as he lapped at me, painting me with whirls and stripes until my hips were bucking. Caught in his grip, I still couldn't move my thighs much. That was enough to drive me mad and turn me on beyond belief, so I squirmed desperately as if I actually wanted to escape.

"Uh-uh," he said against my pussy, shaking his head as he laughed and licked me with fervor.

Still I moaned and bucked as much as I could, and he pressed harder against my inner thighs and sucked my clit. That's when I came, my juices rushing out of me so fast I felt suddenly drenched.

He continued to lick and lap, cleaning me with his tongue. Then he focused on my clit once more. Before I could protest that I was too sensitive, he flicked his tongue back and forth, back and forth—not too hard, not too soft—using the perfect pressure. I came again, startled by the intensity of my climax.

He sat back on his haunches.

"This was day five," I said. "Last day."

He acted like he hadn't heard me. "Where tomorrow?"

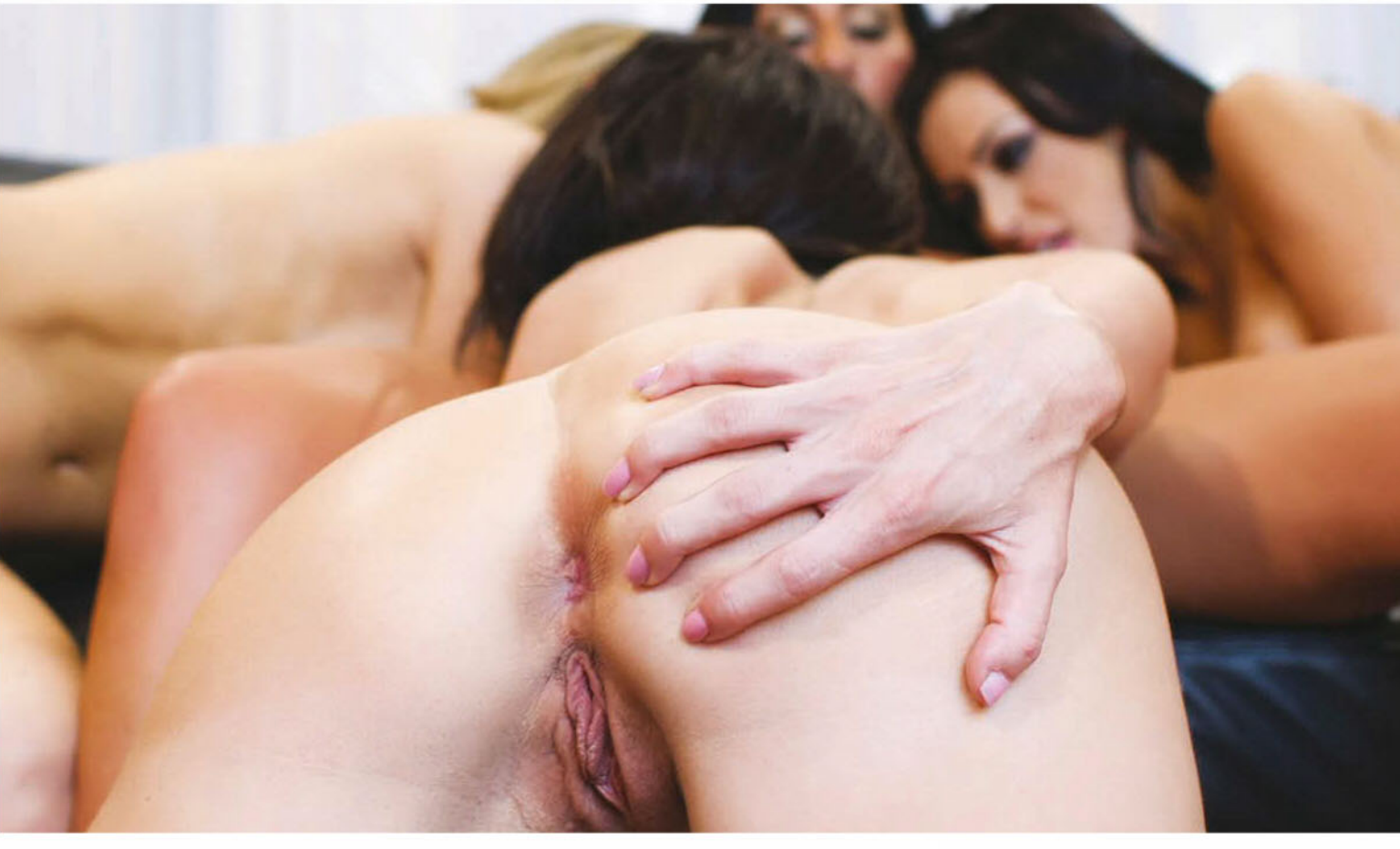
We both nodded, and I smiled at him. "Kitchen."

Seems we weren't quite done with our housewarming experiment.

–V.M., via email

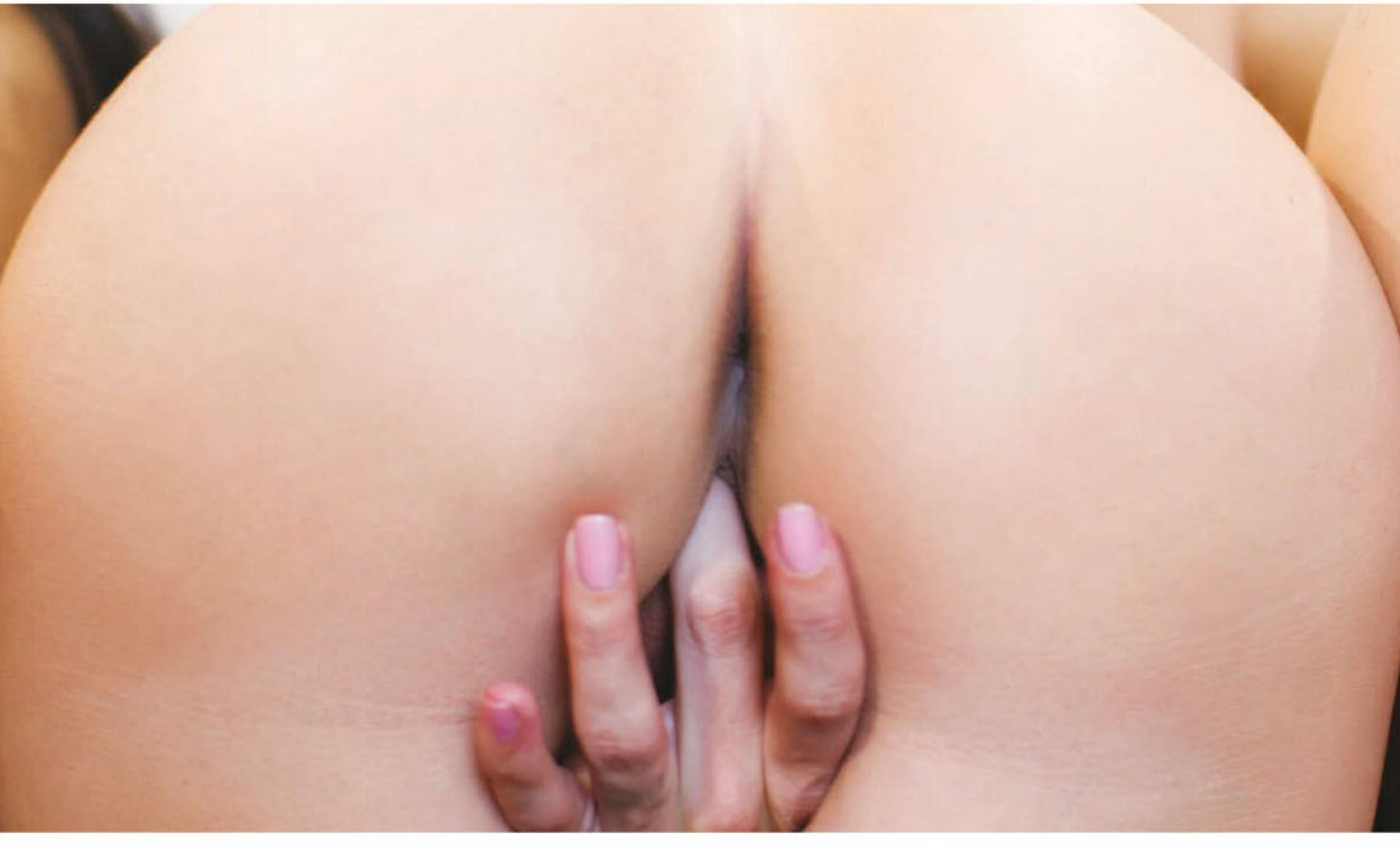
MAKING MAGIC

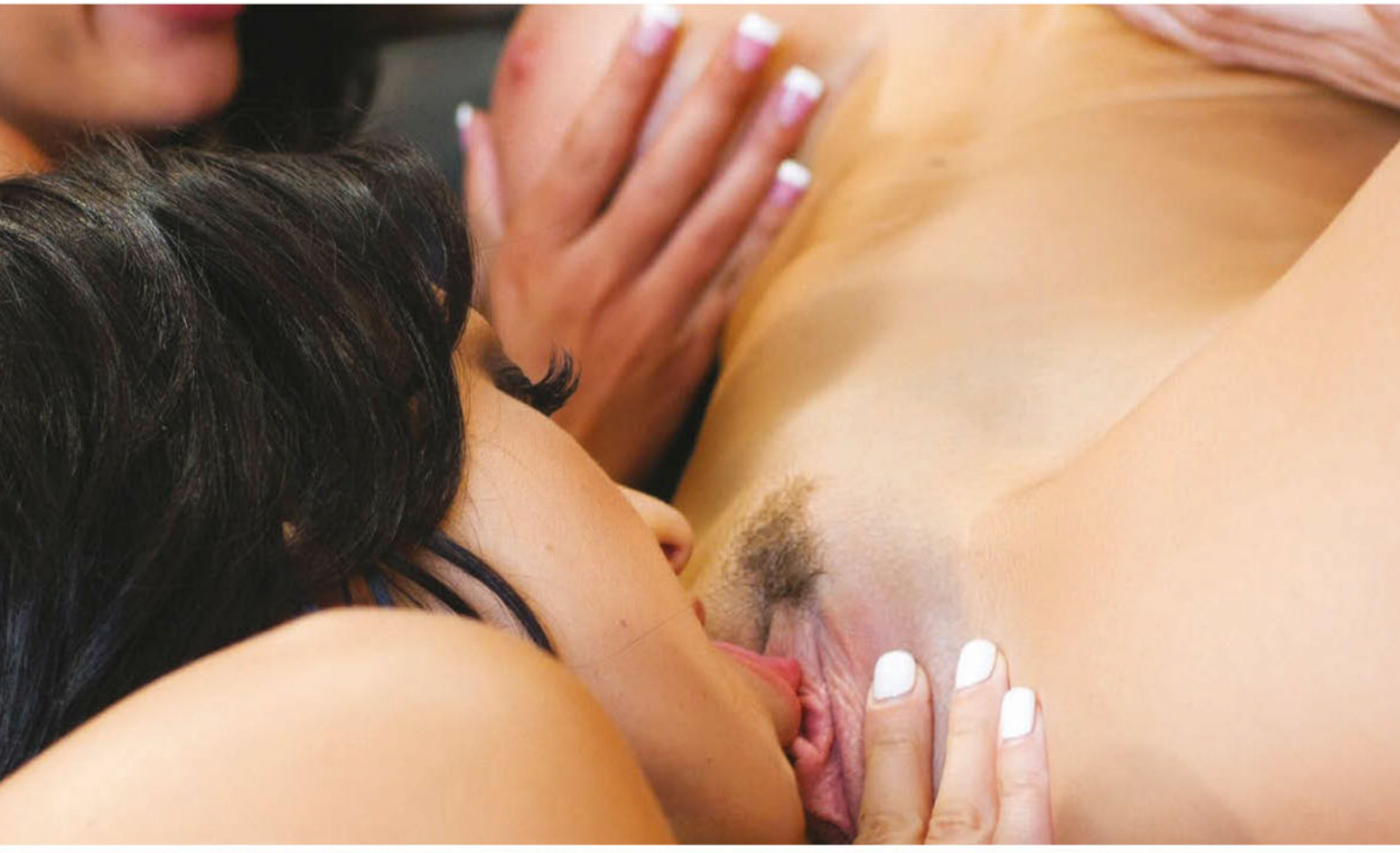
TIFFANY CONVINCES HER GIRLS THAT
A NIGHT IN IS THE BEST KIND OF DATE.



"WHEN WE GET TOGETHER, MAGIC HAPPENS. DIRTY MAGIC."

—TIFFANY





BREANNE, KAYLA, RANDI & TIFFANY

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SEXY AF

A married couple takes on a young lover and their encounter is even steamer than they'd hoped.

By Jack Walsh

At some point in my checkered past, I must have picked up the right lucky penny. I've had extremely good fortune in the mating game. And it always floors me, because—to be honest—I'm a pretty run-of-the-mill guy. I'm solvent but not rich. Smart enough to keep a good job, but not quite up to doing my own taxes. As for looks, I definitely haven't won any Mr. America contests.

And yet, I have the most amazing marriage. My beautiful, smart, gracious and sexy wife, Alice—a statuesque strawberry blonde with lightly freckled skin—still puts up with me after more than 20 years of marriage We have two college-age kids who are both pretty damn cool. And Alice and I still fuck like we're a couple of randy rodeo animals. In fact, our sex life is even better than it was at the beginning, and that's saying something.

What's our secret? Simple. It's not just that we're horny devils, though we certainly are that. I think it's that we love to talk about screwing just as much as we love to do it. We've always shared our fantasies as they've developed and grown.

About three years ago, we began listening to some of those swinger podcasts where real-life couples share the details of their sexual escapades, and their stories started giving us ideas.

"Man, are those guys lucky!" I said one night in bed, thinking they've got the balls not only to swing, but to tell the world about it.

"No, *you're* lucky," Alice said, switching off the lamp atop her nightstand. "Cause we're gonna do it, too, eventually. You know that, right?"

"We're gonna do what?" I asked

"Swing—or excuse me—live the Lifestyle. That's the lingo, right?"

That was the night we decided we would seriously look into playing with other couples.

Even though we live in a smaller East Coast city, it didn't take long to find a pod of local libertines: good-humored, horny and truly sweet people. Of course, we talked the whole thing to death in those first sexy weeks and months, both between ourselves and with the other couples, who quickly became dear friends. But it turns out swingers are chatty creatures, so we felt right at home with them. We've had some pretty stupendous erotic adventures in the last three years.

"HE FLICKED ALICE'S NIPPLE WITH HIS TONGUE, THEN LICKED IT MORE VIGOROUSLY."

But excuse me—you're probably getting sick of hearing all this "I won in the game of life" stuff. But I'm not bragging, honest. I feel awed and humbled that things have been so good between Alice and me.

As we made the move into the swinging life, Alice and I took turns suggesting fantasies to turn into reality. Sometimes, we found the opportunity to make our sexual desires come true pronto. But other times, our dreams were forced to simmer on the back burner for a while until the time was right.

A few months ago, we became obsessed with finding Alice a hot young guy to fuck. When we go to clubs or house parties, Alice loves to flirt with men—physically and verbally teasing them. With her reddish-blonde hair and that slight freckling on her face and her large breasts, she looks especially hot in lavender or champagne-colored lingerie and guys are drawn to her. But whatever she wears, she's full of confidence and poise. Alice is very hands-on with her seduction—teasing the men (and sometimes the women) with whom we eventually play. If a guy has a thick head of hair, she'll run her fingers through it. If a guy's fairly muscular, she'll slyly reach out and caress his biceps. She catches their attention immediately. I always love to watch her in action, but our partners always seem to be in our general age range. The idea of her screwing a younger guy intrigued both of us.

But how to find one? The answer proved elusive until one night when we met up with Lena and Larry, one of our favorite swinging couples. After a rambunctious, full-swap evening of carnal fun, we were enjoying a nightcap with them in their living room before we hit the road. Somehow, sneaky Alice steered the conversation around to our latest obsession.

"I'd really love to find some young gun to get into it with," she said. "You know—someone, say, in his 20s." She was trying—somewhat unsuccessfully—

to sound nonchalant about the idea.

"Listen, Alice," said Lena, "do you know about Harrison?"

"Uh, no."

"Here we go," said Larry.

Lena giggled. "He lives in New York City. He works as a graphic designer. Beautiful apartment. Beautiful manners. Beautiful bod."

"Lena's jumped his beautiful bones, too, as you've probably guessed," said Larry. "Quite a performance."

Alice looked at me. "He sounds promising," she said.

Lena laughed. "He *promises*, Allie." She paused dramatically. "He also *delivers*."

Before we went home that night, Lena agreed to arrange for Harrington to email a picture of himself to us. If Alice and I approved, we could set the gears in motion for a hookup.

"That's all well and good," said Larry, "but believe me, Alice, you're gonna approve. Let me warn you, he's kind of an annoying hipster. But when it comes to fucking, you will not be disappointed."

A couple of days later, we received an email with a picture of a handsome young man of 28 with a smirk, a full head of hair and a scraggly beard. Alice liked what she saw.

"Larry was right," she said. "He does look like a hipster. Wait—is that a tattoo of a lizard on his neck?" she wondered aloud as she scrutinized his photo.

After some back-and-forth with Harrison, we made arrangements to meet with him one Saturday evening at an upscale bar near his apartment. We booked a hotel in midtown and made a weekend of it.

We arrived at the bar at the appointed time. Alice looked lethal in a sparkling emerald-green dress, cut low to expose her tempting cleavage. We almost didn't recognize Harrison when we entered. He was tall, slightly muscular and dressed in cropped white pants, a fuzzy blue angora sweater and shoes that seemed to be made of wicker, worn without socks. But there was a major change from his appearance in his photograph: His scraggly facial hair had flourished, growing into a full auburn beard that reminded me of photos of gents from the Civil War era. Later, Alice told me that his dark eyes had been so penetrating when they caught hers that she felt her pussy begin to drip almost instantly.

"He looks like one of those old-timey brothers on the cough-drop package," Alice whispered, as we went to meet him at a quiet corner table. When we sat down, Harrison lightly touched her sleeve.

"That dress looks fierce."

She looked up at him. "Glad you like it."

"I look forward to seeing you out of it," he responded with an easy smile.

The guy cut right through the usual polite chit-chat. He'd barely said hello, and he was already talking my wife out of her clothes!

Alice put a hand on his shoulder. "That *is* a lizard on your neck," she said.

"A Komodo dragon, actually."

"Your spirit animal?"

"Yes, as a matter of fact."

This guy's a real character, I thought. But it made my cock stir to think that, if all went according to plan, I would soon be watching this artsy young smooth-talker slam his cock into my wife's sweet pussy. Larry had told me Harrison had a dick that "put certain Clydesdales to shame," and I was eager to see if he lived up to the hype.

It didn't take long for the three of us to realize we had a "game on" situation. Over our second round of artisanal cocktails, we decided to walk over

LETTERS

↘ SWINGING & SWAPPING

to Harrison's loft apartment. Before we left, Harry let us know he had a houseguest staying with him: a young woman from San Francisco named Lise. He and Lise were "just friends," he said, and she would stay in another part of the apartment during our visit.

"Probably," he added.

Alice gave me a look.

"The plot thickens," she whispered. "Along with your dick, I'm sure."

Harry's loft was spacious, clean and sparsely decorated. We were introduced to Lise in the kitchen area, where she was seated at a glass table cutting photos out of a fashion magazine. She was petite, waifish, in her early 20s, with straight, long ash-blonde hair. She was friendly enough, but seemed quiet and somewhat aloof.

"Don't mind me," she said absentmindedly. "I'll make myself scarce in just a minute."

"No worries, Lise," said Harry. "We're gonna take this to the bedroom as soon as I pour us some vino."

"Don't break any furniture this time," Lise said, her eyes looking down at her art project." After an awkward silence, she laughed. "They think I'm kidding, but I was there. I saw it all," she said.

"Lise sometimes turns up when she's least expected," said Harry. "I call her the 'Rogue Voyeur.'"

Without warning, Harry pulled off his sweater—right there in the kitchen—revealing his hairy, tanned torso, and giving us a full view of his Komodo-dragon ink. The reptile's tail curled down onto his upper chest. He opened a bottle of Malbec and began pouring it into some expensive looking wineglasses. "Lise, want some?"

"How can I say no?"

Harry handed out the drinks. "Shall we?" he said, taking Alice by the hand and leading her toward his bedroom. I followed close behind.

His room was dimly lit. Harry kicked off his shoes and stretched out on the king-size bed. Alice and I hesitated inside the door. "You can shut that—if you want our friend out there to stay away," he said. "If you leave it open, chances are good she'll wander in eventually."

We looked at one another.

"Your call," I said to my wife.

She swallowed. "Leave it open."

From the bed, Harry spoke in a friendly but firm tone: "Alice, I want you to come and stand here. In front of the bed. I want to talk to you."

Normally, my wife would have some memorable rejoinder for a guy who would command her like that. She would be playful, maybe, or she would tell him bluntly, "Ask me nice or don't ask me at all." But with Harry she simply obeyed. She stepped toward him, standing where he'd gestured. She tossed her head back proudly, as if to say: *Yes, you'll have your way with me, but that doesn't mean I'm not your match.*

"You're sexy AF, Alice," he said.

"AF?" I queried, somewhat confused.

"You're wife's as sexy as fuck," he explained, not taking his eyes off her. Then he directed his comments to Alice once again. "You're soft, yet you're strong. That's how I prefer it. I am so looking forward to making love to you. In fact, I want to fucking ravish you. But, Jack?" He looked my way. "You need to prepare her for me. Is that agreeable?"

"Yes." What else could I have said?

"Jack, would you help Alice remove that amazing green dress, please."

I stepped toward my wife and put my arm around her—stealing a quick embrace to reassure her. She shivered slightly, then I stepped behind her and unzipped the back of her dress. It fell to the floor, leaving her in a white bra and panties.

"Alice, you have the most beautiful tits. Jack, can I ask you to help her out

"THE NEXT HALF HOUR WAS A MINI-VOYAGE AMONG ISLANDS OF RARE CARNAL DELIGHT."

of her panties?" I did as he told me, pulling the undies down to her ankles. "Let me see her pink pussy, Jack. Kneel on the floor and show me."

I did, peeling back her pussy lips to expose her glistening sex.

"It's a beautiful pussy," I said. "Isn't it?"

"It's a work of art, Jack," he said. "You're a lucky man."

"Tonight, *you're* a lucky man, too," I reminded him.

"Yes. Will you please eat her out for a few minutes?"

Gladly, I thought. I placed a hand on each of Alice's thighs. I pushed my mouth between her slightly parted legs and found her clit. I pushed my tongue hard against it, feasting on her slit. She moaned, and I gripped her more tightly, so she wouldn't topple over. Soon she was swinging her head, consumed by passion. Then Harry told me to stop.

I faced him. He still was wearing those metrosexual Capri pants, but there was a huge commotion happening between his legs. His erect cock was straining against the white fabric, stretching it taut. He got up off the bed and peeled away his pants. His exposed dick was fully aroused—thick, cut and long. It curved up slightly, like an elephant's tusk, as he walked toward us.

"Stand up please," he told me. "Help her lose the bra."

I unhooked the brassiere. Alice's fantastic boobs burst from their cages, looking happy to be free. Those sweet pink nipples were at full attention. I placed my hand beneath one plump tit and bounced it invitingly. It reminded me, somehow, of a ruby-red grapefruit.

"Thank you," Harry said as he took the breast from me, cupping it as he stooped low and pushed his bearded face toward the creamy mound. His cologne had the scent of cedar. He flicked Alice's nipple lightly with his tongue, then licked it more vigorously. Soon he was making loud smacking noises as he devoured her.

"You take the other one, Jack," Harry said, briefly breaking contact with my wife's breast.

Alice whimpered softly as I targeted her tit, attempting to ape what Harry was doing. Meanwhile, he began teasing her clit with his fingers—pinching it gently. Alice gasped. Harry took one of her soft hands and placed it on his jutting boner. Though still busy with her other breast, I watched her clutch his hard dick as if it were her lifeline.

A moment later I felt someone touch my upper belly. "Oh, hello," I said, turning around to see Lise, completely nude. Her small, lithe body was pale, and her eyes had a voracious look. She had the cutest little trimmed pubic patch.

"So soon," said Harry. "I thought you'd be able to resist us just a little longer, Lise."

"Shut up," she said in a quiet voice.

"Cheeky thing isn't she, Jack?"

"She seems to be," I said.

"Turn around and show Jack and Alice just how cheeky you are."

Lise did as she was told. Her pert bum was irresistible.

"Go ahead, touch her," Harry said, and I did. I loosely cupped her small round buttocks and began caressing her—slowly, then more urgently. I allowed one finger to trace her butt

crack. Meanwhile, Harry was kneeling on the floor so he could feed on Alice's sopping pussy.

Lise turned toward me and began unbuttoning my shirt. I unbuckled my belt, and soon I was naked like the others. My dick—not surprisingly—had become fully erect. It wasn't nearly as big as Harry's, but I didn't care. Lise teased my dick slit, and a drop or two of pre-come materialized. With an index finger, she wiped the stickiness on her left nipple.

"I think we're ready to move to the bed," announced Harry. "There are condoms on both nightstands."

The next half hour was a mini-voyage among islands of rare carnal delight—and Harry served as our cruise director. He seemed to sense that I, like Lise, was a born voyeur—someone who craved nothing more than watching vigorous lovers suck and fuck. Alice practically screamed when Harry performed cunnilingus on her, what with his full beard rubbing roughly against her tender flesh. Later, Alice successfully deep-throated his stiff bone while he held her face between his hands. Lise's eyes drank it all in as we caressed each other.

"I WAS ABLE TO CATCH SOME COZY VIEWS OF ALICE RIDING HARRY'S ENORMOUS PRICK."

The big finish happened when Harry and I both stretched out on our backs on the bed, where we were mounted by Alice and Lise, respectively. Lise's snatch was amazingly snug, and it gripped my dick tightly. I rode the crest for a while, able to catch some cozy views of Alice riding Harry's enormous prick. It was as though she were trying to keep herself from flying off a mechanical bull. Her big tits were swinging in all directions, and I could hear the slosh of Harry's condom-covered staff pounding her soaked vagina. I shot my load in Lise's pussy mere seconds before Harry groaned loudly and came deep in my wife. Alice had already experienced two or three climaxes that night, but after Harry pulled out of her cunt, he brought her to another explosion, using his hand. I followed his example, rubbing Lise's pebble-sized clit vigorously. She seemed to hold her breath for half a minute, before screaming in ecstatic release.

Afterward, she then scampered off quickly, leaving Alice, Harry and me on the bed. We could hear her in the shower for a while, but she didn't come back into the bedroom.

"Alice, Jack—it's been a great pleasure," Harry said as Alice and I finished cleaning up and dressing. I thanked him for his hospitality as Alice seemed to have completely lost her voice.

As we left through the kitchen—with Harry's arm around Alice's shoulders—we found Lise back at the kitchen table with her scissors and magazines. She wore a sort of kimono. She glanced up and said quietly, "Goodnight now."

Minutes later, Alice and I stood at the curb to hail a cab back to our hotel. We held hands. I kept waiting for her to say something clever or profound. Finally, she squeezed my hand and said, "That was fun."

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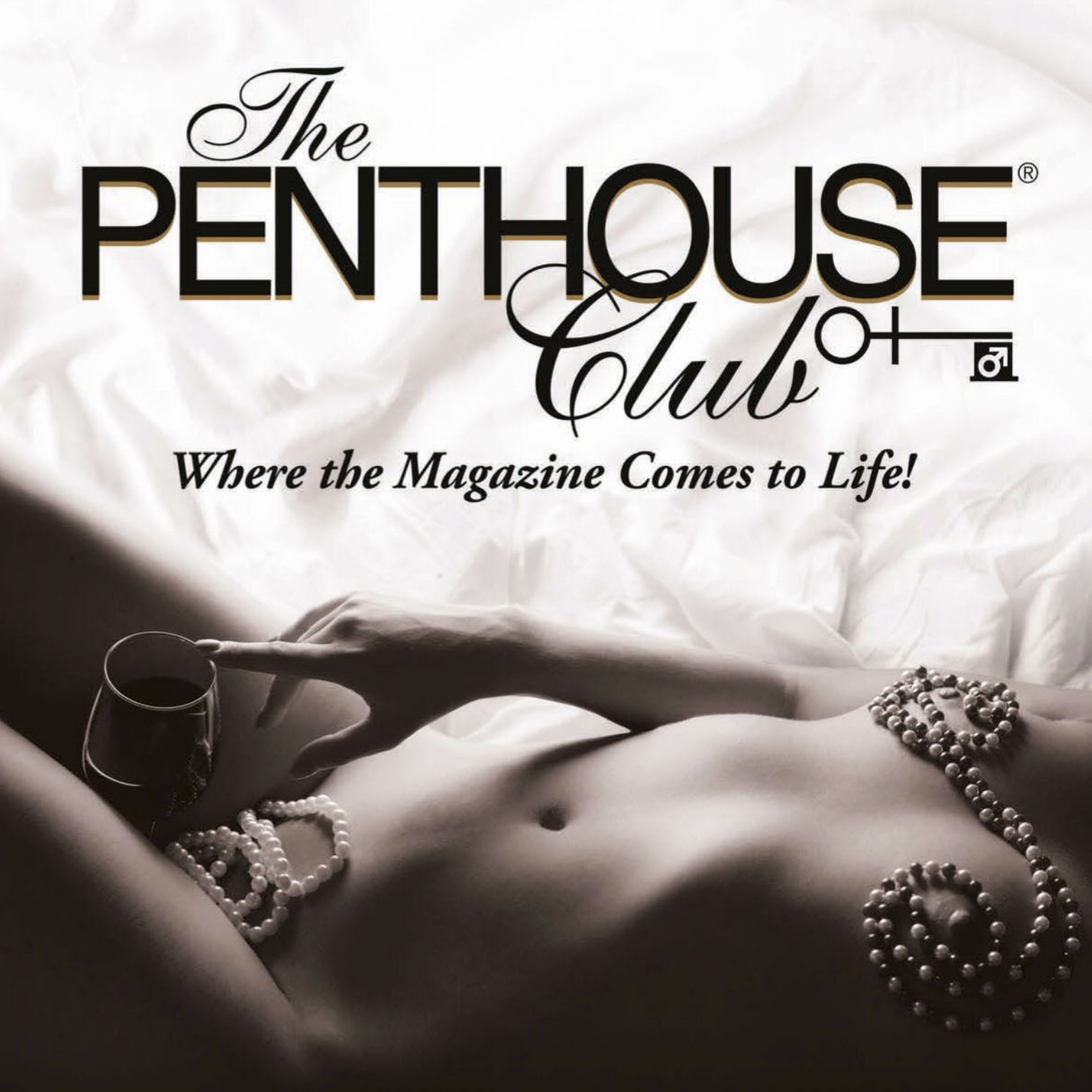

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SHOW THE WAY

It was while vacationing for our first anniversary that Clarice and I discovered the key to a happy marriage: no jealousy. Back then we were in our mid-20s, successful in our careers and very much in love.

But we had both been very sexually active before getting together, having had a wide variety of partners. Now we just had each other. Don't get me wrong Clarice was—and is—a beautiful woman, one who's sensual and skillful in bed. And she took pains to point out what a dynamic and thoughtful lover I was.

Even so, I missed the roulette wheel of sex partners I'd once had, and I was beginning to sense she felt the same.

We spent our vacation in the tropics, snorkeling in warm, turquoise water and walking hand-in-hand on white-sand beaches. We fucked like crazy in our plush hotel suite, and all was well. But not quite.

The island was full of enticing, vibrant bodies. The locals were friendly, and the other vacationers were looking to cut loose. I got hit on a dozen times by gorgeous, scantily clad women. Beach studs were doing the same to Clarice. It was an agony of temptation.

On our third or fourth night, when I was feeling positively dazed by the array of sunbaked female flesh; Clarice and I were at a beachside patio bar. A stunning woman in the skimpiest bikini imaginable walked past and smiled at me. Reflexively I said, "Wow, she's hot."

Clarice grabbed my wrist and said, "Do you want to fuck her, Will?"

I thought she was reacting jealously to my thoughtless comment. "I..." I started to respond but lost my voice.

Clarice continued and said, "Look, why don't you go have fun with her, and I'll pick out one of these juicy boys. We'll meet back at the suite at midnight. That'd be okay, wouldn't it? Wouldn't it, Will?"

She was almost pleading. I saw this as a profound turning point in our marriage. Could we go on being husband and wife if we fucked around with other people? We were about to find out. I agreed to her terms.

It was no trouble tracking down the woman in the bikini. She and I hiked down to a stretch of empty beach and rolled around on the sand together. She rode my cock, and her orgasmic cries drowned out the crash of the surf. I climaxed and shot my cream into her with deep satisfaction. Our coupling was hot, fast and dirty—in other words, exactly what I'd needed.

I was the first one back at the suite. Clarice appeared just before midnight, face aglow. Her lovely body hummed with energy. Wordlessly, we tumbled onto our big bed and screwed like animals for the rest of the night. Not only hadn't we damaged our marriage, we'd enhanced it!

Now it was our ten-year anniversary, and we were visiting a famous series of limestone caves, ones that went on for miles and miles into a mountain. We couldn't enter without tour guides. We hired a pair, an attractive duo named Hans and Elke.

Hans was a studly blue-eyed man, and Clarice eyed him covetously. She gave me a secret smirk and a nod. I checked out Elke. She was a healthy woman with creamy skin and spiky blonde hair. A crackle of mutual attraction sprang between us immediately, though she tried to hide it in the presence of my wife.

I grinned at Clarice. We definitely wanted these two.

"We would like to go into the caves separately," Clarice said. "Will that be a problem?"

Hans's eyes sparkled. He got it. Elke agreed, looking confused. I kissed Clarice good-bye, and she and Hans disappeared into one of the labyrinthine caves. Elke, in snug hiking shorts and boots, led me off in a different direction.

The caves were a beautiful natural wonder, with their intricately connected

passageways and textured surfaces. It was like wandering in some alien landscape. But my eyes kept straying to Elke's alluring backside and leanly muscled legs.

She knew everything about the caves and gave me her professional spiel. We grasped nylon guide ropes that were threaded throughout the passages as she lead me onward, the sexual tension between us building all the while. Her firm breasts were outlined by her T-shirt, and I could hardly take my eyes off her. About twenty minutes in, she stopped to query, "Can I ask you something?"

I nodded, and she questioned, "Why'd you let your wife go off with Hans?"

"Is he your boyfriend?" I asked.

"No. But he's a—what's the term? A pussy hound." Elke spoke English with a slight accent.

I laughed. "My wife and I...have an understanding."

"Then she doesn't mind if you...?"

I stepped closer. Elke's eyes widened, and her breath caught. I leaned in to kiss her, giving her the chance to turn away if she wanted. Instead, she thrust her face forward and met my lips with hers.

Her soft mouth melted against mine. I slipped my arms around her, and she pressed herself to me. I felt the youthful firmness of her. Her breasts were against me as our kiss grew more intense. I probed her with my tongue, and hers answered with a flashing movement.

Suddenly, her hands were eagerly groping my body. She clutched my shoulders and my back, before reaching around to squeeze my ass. I bent and cupped the sweet halves of her butt, sinking my fingers into the taut hemispheres of flesh. She moaned into my mouth.

Her hardened nipples were straining against her T-shirt. I caressed them through the cotton, but then I had to have a real feel of her. After peeling the shirt off over her spiky blonde head,

"EXCITEMENT AND PLEASURE RAGED ACROSS MY FLESH, SWIRLING INTO A STORM OF LUST."

I squeezed her lush creamy globes, giving attention to her coral-colored nipples. She responded with soft cries that echoed against the limestone walls.

We were in a dim alcove, with just one electric bulb for illumination. Elke clawed at my shirt, practically tearing it off me. Her eyes were alight with desire. I unfastened her shorts, and they slid down her toned legs. Her hiking boots remained, but she was now otherwise totally nude. I finished stripping, my cock already in a state of rampant neediness.

She licked her lips as she took hold of me, squeezing my shaft. Excitement and pleasure raged across my flesh, swirling into a storm of lust. Even now, I spared a thought for Clarice. I had no doubt she was this far along—or farther—with Hans. After ten years of open marriage, I didn't feel a flicker of jealousy. I only loved and desired her more.

Elke pulled me in for another fierce kiss before growling, "I have to suck you!"

I didn't try to argue. She squatted down in her boots, cradling my balls and gazing with rapture at my stiff meat. Her agile tongue whipped out again, this time bathing my throbbing cockhead. The sensation jolted every synapse in my body. I dribbled a little pre-come on her tongue, and she swallowed the fluid with visible satisfaction.

Then she circled her lips around me and started dropping them down my staff. I watched my erection disappear between her lips, feeling the warmth of her mouth and the darting movements of her tireless tongue. Her cheeks flattened as she created a firm suction around my meat.

I rocked back on my heels, savoring the sensations and working my hips in time to her plunging mouth. I slid my fingers in among her blond spikes and started gently thrusting myself at her face. She fondled my balls and growled with pleasure, so I stroked harder. She had awesome oral talents.

But I thought it only fair to show her mine. It was an act of will to disengage my cock from her mouth. But when I pulled her up and then knelt before her, she got the idea. Her wet mouth split in a bright grin. She braced one hand on the limestone wall behind her, spread her legs and thrust her pussy against my eager mouth.

Her pubic hair was shaved down to an icy fuzz. I drew in the aroused scent of her, then licked all around her furrow. Finally, I spread her folds with two fingers and slipped my tongue tip inside her. She squealed with delight, easing her hips forward. Her flavor filled my mouth, a sweet feminine tang.

LETTERS

↘ OPEN SEASON

I delved my tongue deeper. Her clit awakened, and I urged it into full life, enjoying the pulse of her sensitive bud. Her hips moved, and she humped against my face. I speared her, coaxing out more juices, her strong thighs closing around my jaw and her fingers winding into my hair. She shook with her approaching climax and then cried out as warm liquid gushed into my mouth.

Standing with my face glossy and slick, I saw her look of blissful gratitude. She reached again for my cock, tugging on my straining length. "You'll fuck me now?" she asked with a touch of hesitation.

I realized she still wasn't completely sure about fucking a married man, despite my earlier assurances. Sometimes I forgot how it was with most couples, the stupid jealousy, the mistrust.

"Yes, turn around and hang onto the rope," I told her.

She spun about eagerly, seizing the guide rope that trailed through the rock chambers. She thrust out her perfectly molded ass as I stepped in behind her.

Excitement danced inside me. My come simmered in my balls, and blood pounded in my veins. But I still took the time to appreciate how her pussy clenched me as I penetrated her. My shaft vanished into her delectable young body, sliding in deeper than my tongue had ever reached, plumbing her depths, feeling the innermost grasp of her pussy. Her slick interior warmth captured me.

"I SPREAD HER FOLDS WITH TWO FINGERS AND SLIPPED MY TONGUE TIP INSIDE HER."

"Fuck me please!" she gasped.

She held on to the rope, and I held her hips. I stroked hard into her. Every thrust took me to her core. Fleshy smacks echoed off the stone walls. Violent bliss seized every part of me. Her creamy ass rippled as I pounded her.

Elke cried out repeatedly. She hung from that rope, head turned so that I could see the expression of runaway rapture on her lovely face. I hoped Clarice was feeling the same joy. I hammered crazily, lost in the sexual frenzy. Those sensations soon overwhelmed me, and hot splashes of come jetted from me, painting her depths. Elke writhed through her own orgasm, and I let out a howl that might have echoed throughout the whole cave system.

After, Elke smiled shyly and said, "I hope someday I have what you and your wife have."

I smiled at my guide, and I showed her the way, saying, "Just don't marry anyone jealous."

–W.R., via email

SIDE PIECE

I walked into the office kitchen to find Kitty sitting cross-legged on the counter, a cup of coffee in her hand. She was looking at something on her phone, completely entranced.

I coughed, and her posture went rigid. She straightened her legs, but that didn't keep me from catching a glimpse of her plain white panties beneath her plaid dress. A grown woman, Kitty still dressed like a schoolgirl half the time. Plaid dress, knee-high white socks, red leather Mary Janes. She often wore her dyed black hair in pigtails and sported a choker around her neck more days than not. She was a genius assistant, though, and I'd seen her looking at me with interest more than once.

"Oh, jeesh! I'm sorry. I thought I was the only one left here. I was taking a break before finishing up the boxes that are going to storage."

I shook my head and moved toward the coffee machine. She had rearranged her posture but was still perched on the

countertop. I poured a cup of coffee and grimaced. "I wonder how old this is."

"Not old. I made it only a half hour ago because I was running low. I guess I should–"

She scooted forward, but I put a hand out to stop her progress. "You stay there and take your break."

I watched her swallow hard, so hard something in her throat clicked. I smiled. I liked making her flustered.

"I figured you'd be going home to the missus by now," she said, her voice a breathy whisper.

"Nope. She has a date tonight."

Kitty's eyebrows shot up so fast I couldn't help but laugh.

"A date?"

I nodded. "A date. We have an arrangement. We're happily married, but we both like to have a little something extra on the side." I took a finger and dragged it from above her knee sock to the hem of her dress. Then I stopped, letting my finger linger.

"You do?"

"We do."

"Oh."

"Kitty?"

Her big brown eyes were wide. Her gaze met mine, and I saw her shift restlessly where she sat.

"Yes?"

"Would you like to be my thing on the side for a while?"

Her breath hitched, and I had to chew the inside of my cheek to keep from laughing. She looked so startled and innocent and…horny.

"You don't think that would be a conflict of interest?"

I shrugged. My fingers stayed put, pressing gently against her soft skin. "That depends. Can you separate sex from a relationship? Can you continue to be my kick-ass assistant while getting fucked so thoroughly your knees might buckle? Can you be my side project and my main help in the office? It's all up to you."

She shifted so as to bring more of her skin in contact with my skin. "I think I can do all that."

"Be sure," I said. Then I did slip my finger an inch farther up her leg so that my fingernail disappeared from view beneath her dress. "Because I'd hate to lose you *and* your help."

She struggled to take a deep breath, and I smiled at her. "But I sure would like to know what that sweet pussy tastes like."

She made a soft little sound of distress. I moved my finger up a little higher.

"And I'd sure love to know what it feels like squeezing my dick when you come."

She nodded so fast and hard her pigtails bobbed. "I can. I can do it all. I can still be your assistant. And yes. I want to be your something on the side. I–"

I cut her off with a kiss. It was long and slow, and I played my tongue over hers lazily. I slipped my hand beneath her dress and traced the outline of her pussy lips through her thin cotton panties. No one wore thin cotton panties anymore. They drove me nuts.

She sucked my tongue, and a thrill rolled through me. My stiffening cock became hard as stone, and I moved forward, pushing her thighs apart. I grabbed her ass and hauled her to the lip of the counter so I could deepen the kiss and feel the warmth of her sex press against my erection.

I broke the kiss and stared at her. "Dress off."

She tugged the plaid dress over her head and tossed it on a nearby table. I took off her bra and tossed that, too. When she reached for her panties, I shook my head. "Leave those on. At

least for now." I bent and removed her shoes and placed them on the floor. Then I dragged my finger along the seam of one white sock. "Leave these on, too."

She nodded. I took her hands and helped her down. "Now get on your knees and suck my cock." Then I slipped a finger beneath her choker and stroked her skin.

Her eyes drifted shut for a moment, and then she got on her knees, folded arms clasped behind her back–just above her simple panties. I thought my cock would snap off as I hauled it out of my pants. This night had taken a delicious turn.

She pushed her pink painted lips down my shaft, and I felt my cockhead brush the back of her wet throat. She made a soft gagging noise and then did it all over again. I pulled back so that I nearly popped out of her mouth, but then drove into her mouth once more. I cupped the back of her head and held her still, fucking her mouth and making her gag again. My cock jerked in response to the sound.

She sucked me until I grabbed her pigtails and pulled her off. She strained to get me back in her mouth for a moment, and I feared that act alone would make me lose my control.

"Up," I said, my voice raspy.

She took my hand and stood. I opened my pants, kicked off my shoes and made a pile of clothing on the floor. I put my hands beneath her armpits and lifted her small frame so she was back on top of the counter. I slipped my fingers in the sides of her panties and tugged. "Lift your hips."

She obeyed, and I pulled the panties off and tossed them aside. I dragged her to the edge of the counter and spread her thighs wide. I made a point of stroking her pussy lips, parting her and examining her clit. I rubbed my thumb across it and watched her struggle to stay still and breathe.

"I CUPPED THE BACK OF HER HEAD, FUCKING HER MOUTH AND MAKING HER GAG."

I stroked her clit and then dragged my fingertip up her wet slit. I pushed inside her and then pulled free. Her pupils were so dilated it was hard to tell them from her irises. "You're so wet," I said, rubbing my finger across her bottom lip. She caught it and sucked her own moisture from my skin.

I smiled. "Good girl."

I bent and licked her pussy. I tortured her by licking and kissing all around her clit without touching it. She whimpered, and I did it a few more times just to enjoy her squirming. Then I went at her clit with a rigid tongue. She moved against me, pumping her pussy against my mouth. I slammed my hands down on her thighs and held her as still as I could manage. That must have done something for her because she came with a soft cry and her juices flooded my mouth.

I stood and grabbed her ass. I yanked her toward me, pressing my cock to her soaking wet cunt and driving into her. I locked my arms behind her back and fucked her with short, brutal jabs. She wrapped her legs around my waist, her cotton socks soft against my ass.

She held my shoulders and rocked against me every time I thrust into her slippery cunt. "Yes, yes," she uttered. "Kiss me. Please."

I kissed her. I slipped my tongue in her mouth, deepening our connection. I sucked her lower lip and then bit it. Her cunt gripped me tight, and she moaned. I kissed her again, and then dragged my lips up the side of her throat until I was just beneath her earlobe. Then I bit her ear fast and hard, like I had her lip. She came again, her pussy milking me desperately with the force of her orgasm.

I pulled free of her and sat in one of

the kitchen chairs. I patted my lap, my cock standing up straight, ready for her. "Come on. Take a ride little girl."

She dropped off the counter and walked slowly toward me in nothing but her choker and her white knee socks. She was petite but curvy, and I gripped those shapely hips as she straddled me and sank down on my dick. Her thighs pressed to my sides, and she kissed me as she began to rock. I held her hips and thrust up from beneath, going still every minute or two so that she had to rock herself back to the brink. Then I'd move up and tug her down, slamming into her so that her breath caught and her nipples pebbled tight.

"Come on. Fuck my dick. I want you to come like this." I sucked her pink nipple into my mouth and drew on it. She moaned, her hips rocking faster. I could feel her growing tighter, could hear her breathing come faster. I sucked again, and she moaned. I thrust up from beneath her and squeezed her hips tight. She pressed her breast to my mouth, and I sucked again. At the last moment, I tugged the tip of it with my teeth. She came again, her pussy drenching my lap.

I smacked her ass. "Good, that's good. Now me. Turn around. Face away from me. Sit in my lap."

She turned her back to me and sank down on my cock once more. I watched her body take my shaft inch by inch. I held her hips and helped her move—up and down, up and down, sliding her along the length of my cock as she panted and groaned. I thrust up, sinking balls-deep into her warmth and wetness. I pressed my thumb to her asshole, still holding her hip with my other hand. I pushed my thumb into her back hole and watched her squirm, heard her groan.

My control dissolved. I fucked her from beneath in a frenzy. I felt her gripping me and making me slick. My thumb pushed further into her backdoor. She cried out. I had no idea if she'd come again, but I was coming. I emptied into her with a bellow.

She stood, and I leaned over to catch my breath. Then I looked up at her, adorable, flushed and well-fucked. "I think this is going to be a productive side project."

She nodded once and licked her lips. "Yes, sir. I agree."

–L.S., Los Angeles, California

CHANGING HIS TUNE

I want to be perfectly clear: I love my wife. We've been married for more than ten years and have a beautiful child. We have many common interests, and she's my best friend—but our love life isn't what it used to be because she's lost interest in sex. She tearfully told me one night that she'd understand if I needed to divorce her, but I wanted no such thing.

Then a few days later, she told me that she had been thinking and said if I wanted to have affairs it was okay with her—with one exception. "Please don't go to prostitutes," she begged me.

She had gotten the idea from talking to her friends, who had told her that they'd had fantasies about having no-strings-attached sex with married men, and that a guy with my looks and personality should have no problem finding other women. I was a bit taken aback that she was discussing this stuff with her girlfriends, but I was also intrigued. Still, I told her I couldn't cheat on her.

"It's okay. You're not cheating. You have my permission," she assured me. "Just don't bring the women into our lives."

I was convinced I would never act on her largesse, but one day I was riding the train when a beautiful woman caught my eye. It was a packed car, and I was standing, clutching the railing. The train lurched a bit, and I bumped into her. We made eye contact for a second as I apologized. "No worries," she said. I was instantly in lust. She was almost as tall as I was, with the long blonde hair out of a shampoo commercial. It was a hot day, and she was wearing a cute sundress, with a pair of sandals that showed off her beautiful feet.

She went back to reading her book, which was a biography of Mick Jagger. I realized if I didn't say something soon, she would be gone for the rest of my life. So I asked her, "What's your favorite Rolling Stone song?"

The woman regarded me again. I could see the emotions flashing across her face; she was making a snap judgment as to whether or not I was a creep. I guessed I passed the test because she smiled and said, "'Moonlight Mile.'"

"Ah, from Sticky Fingers," I said with a nod of my head. "You don't hear that one much on the radio."

"No, you don't," she said, now actively amused. "What's yours?"

LETTERS

↘ OPEN SEASON

I thought for a second. "I guess it would be 'Emotional Rescue,'" I answered.

The woman closed her book. My answer must have been acceptable. "I'm Bridget."

She said her stop was next, and I said mine was, too, even though I still had several stops to go. But I was willing to abandon my errands. We ended up in a diner for pie and coffee, and before we were done conversing two hours had gone by. It turns out Bridget was an intriguing person. She not only played oboe for a symphony orchestra and spoke fluent Japanese, but she was also well-versed in the Rolling Stones and all kinds of music. I couldn't get enough of her, and I found myself coming under the spell of her smoky blue eyes.

When it came time to go, I didn't quite know how to proceed. I was wearing my wedding ring, but she hadn't quizzed me about my wife. I was about to ask her for her number when she asked for mine. I gave it to her, but wanted to be honest. I told her I was married but explained that my wife and I have an arrangement. She regarded me for a second and said, "Let's talk about it next time."

Bridget called the following day and told me she was very attracted to me, and then asked what the arrangement was. I was completely honest, and she was kind of flabbergasted that I was so upfront with her. She told me she was not interested in a relationship at this point in her life, having had too many bad ones, so she was up for just having some fun. We made a date for the following Saturday.

I told my wife I would be going out for the evening. She realized what was going on but smiled and told me to have fun. I felt really weird, but when I met Bridget at a party it got easier. We stayed there for a while. She had a lot of bohemian friends, and in some rooms of the apartment couples were getting friskier than at a traditional party. At one point, she pulled me into an empty bathroom, and we exchanged our first kiss. Bridget could feel how hard I was and rubbed my dick through my pants. She got a devilish look in her eye and said, "Do you want to put your cock in my mouth?" I barely nodded, as my tongue was too tied to answer. "Say it," she insisted.

"I want to put my cock in your mouth," I managed to croak.

She got down on her knees and pulled down my pants and underwear. My cock sprang out and hit her in the nose, which made her laugh. She spat on my dick, then stroked it a few times, looking me straight in the eye. Then she started sucking. She seemed to have a vacuum for a mouth because I was ready to come almost instantly. I grabbed her hair and fucked her mouth, and when I came she swallowed my entire load effortlessly.

By that point, someone was knocking on the bathroom door, so we cleaned up and left. She said she had a place she liked to go, so we left the party and got on the train. It was late and there weren't too many other people in our car. Bridget and I were making out like teenagers, and I didn't care who saw. She whispered hotly into my ear, "Finger my pussy."

Ordinarily, I'm far too straitlaced to finger-bang a woman on a subway train, but I was casting all caution to the wind. I reached into her shorts to find she was wearing no underwear and her cunt was sopping wet. I was able to slide two fingers right in and proceeded to fuck her with them. She clung to me and started moaning. By the time we got to our stop, she had come all over my hand.

I had no idea where we were—somewhere near the airport. We got out, and the area seemed to be deserted. I later learned Bridget was a bit of a danger junkie—something I suspect is not true with most oboe players. We walked down the street and came across a motel that looked like something out of a crime-film set. It advertised adult films and hourly rates. The office had bulletproof

glass and took only cash. I had the necessary amount in my pocket; trust me, it was not exorbitant.

Bridget told me she loved cheap motels because they were so tawdry and that turned her on something fierce. We got to our room, which I was gratified to see did not have bloodstains anywhere, but it did have one of those Magic Fingers contraptions. Bridget put a few quarters in and jumped on the bed, which jiggled maniacally. I joined her, and she put on the TV and picked out a porno film.

We started making out with the grunts and groans of the actors and the shaking of the bed as our soundtrack. When Bridget pulled away to remove her clothes, I was drawn to the action on the screen—a beautiful blonde girl was taking a dick in her ass, pussy, and mouth simultaneously.

"Hey, she kinda looks like me, doesn't she?" Bridget said, her top now on the floor. Her small but irresistible tits were available to my gaze for the first time. Both of her nipples were pierced with barbells. She pulled off her shorts and kicked off her shoes, which left her gloriously naked.

It was my turn to strip. I looked at the screen just in time to see her doppelgänger getting sprayed with come from three cocks. My dick was as hard as a crowbar, and Bridget sucked on it some more, picking up where we'd left off earlier. This time she spread my legs apart and licked my balls thoroughly. She then surprised me by pushing my legs back and sticking her tongue in my ass. No one had ever done that to me, and the few minutes she spent tossing my salad were among the best few minutes I've ever experienced.

I wanted a taste of her pussy and flipped her over, burying my face between her legs. She tasted sweet and salty, and the aroma was heady. She encouraged me with a series of moans and every once in a while an actual sentence, like "eat me" or "oh yeah, that's it" or "fuck me with your tongue."

"I COULDN'T HELP IT ANYMORE AND CLIMBED ON TOP OF HER, SINKING MY COCK IN HER."

After she came against my face, I couldn't help it anymore and climbed on top of her, sinking my cock in her with one thrust. Her face was a mask of delirious pleasure, and I imagine I looked pretty content, too. We fucked like this for quite a while, slamming our hips together. She wrapped her legs around my waist and dug her fingernails into my back. (I later realized I had scratches on my shoulders.)

Eventually, we broke for a bit and resumed with her on top. She rode me like Calamity Jane, bucking on my cock as if it were a bronco. I squeezed her breasts and fiddled with her piercings, pulling on them enough to make her squeal with delight. She pounded down on me so hard I thought we'd both be bruised.

For our last position she got on her knees and urged me to spank her while I fucked her from behind. I was glad to and reddened her ass while I plunged into her up to the balls. When I told her I was ready to come, she said she wanted it on her face and twirled around to take my load all over her—from her chin to her forehead. She lay back exhausted, coated in cream.

I collapsed beside her. We took a little nap and cleaned up before leaving the motel at dawn. On the ride back into the city, she said we could be "fuck buddies." We would not go on dates—just meet for sex. I agreed, as keeping her compartmentalized would help keep my marriage solid. Since then, we have met several times and had more sexual adventures.

My marriage is as good as ever. My wife knows when I am out playing, but we are still devoted to each other. I imagine most women couldn't tolerate such a situation, but she has, and I am grateful. I have also learned that when you go to the symphony, check out the oboe section. They seem to be pretty kinky.

–S.P., New York, New York

Is your relationship open? Since you like to share, why not share your story? Mail your tale to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department OS, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

LETTERS

KINKY COUGARS

BED CHECK

Cora and Mark were my friends from the good old days, when we were all in our young 20s. Those had been wild and salacious times, full of frenzied sex and crazy hookups. Everybody had slept with everybody else, sometimes three or four at a time.

I missed those days. I had held on to my taut feminine physique, and at 42, I was single and still a sexy physical specimen. But I didn't have a social circle of oversexed college-age bucks and bunnies around me anymore. I still enjoyed the occasional relationship or one-night stand with someone my age, but it wasn't like the sex circus of my youth, when I'd fuck five different people in a week.

Cora got me on my cell as I was coming out of the gym. My body hummed with energy, like it always did after a satisfying workout.

"Dana? Can I ask a favor? Mark's nephew is supposed to be staying at our house while we're away, but I can't get hold of him. Would you mind stopping by there to make sure everything's okay?"

She and Mark were on vacation. Mark had been a ravenous stud once upon a time, but now he was a doughy middle-aged guy. Cora was still a looker, but she seemed to regard our shared sexual past as a youthful lark, one best forgotten.

"Sure, Cora," I said, thinking of days gone by when I'd licked and fingered this woman's pussy, and when I'd sucked and ridden the cock of the man she'd eventually marry.

They were both still good friends, though, a fact for which I was grateful. I drove over to their place, happy to help them out.

I pulled into the empty long driveway. Cora and Mark had a nice house. It sure beat the cheap apartments we all used to live in when we were all just getting by working as wait staff and bartenders.

Sitting there in my car, images suddenly washed over me. I remembered a vivid three-way I'd once had with Cora and Mark, long before they took their wedding vows. Mark's muscular body thrummed with strength. His cock throbbed in my hand as I worked his thick shaft. Cora was sucking on my tits, nibbling my stiff nips. I reached down to trace her dripping pussy lips with my fingertips.

Later, Mark had pounded Cora from behind, while her face was buried between my sweaty thighs. Her tongue had flashed like an electrified whip. Then I'd been cowgirling on Mark's dick while Cora stood in front of us and jammed her pussy against my open mouth. I remembered how we'd sucked Mark to his climax, both of us taking his load across our faces, then lapping the sticky spunk off one another's chins and lips.

A moan escaped me. I realized I had closed my eyes and was starting to rub the crotch of my gym pants, sending nostalgic tingles of pleasure over my flesh. I blinked my way back to the present. The old days were gone, I reminded myself.

I had a key to the house. I entered through the front door, finding the alarm deactivated. The place was quiet. I was about to call out, then realized I couldn't remember Mark's nephew's name. I better announce myself anyway, I thought, but then I hesitated again, freezing this time.

A strange sound had come from upstairs. I had barely caught it. It seemed raw and somehow animal-like to me. Fear held me for a moment. I wondered if a cat or a raccoon had gotten in. I strained to listen.

It was a very familiar noise. I realized it was the same sound I'd made just a moment ago, as I'd indulged in sexual reminiscences in my car in the driveway. Did the nephew have a girl over?

I went up the stairs. The door of the guest bedroom at the end of the hall was wide open. The intermittent moans were coming from there. Cora had said there weren't supposed to be any other visitors, so I figured I'd startle the hell out of Mark's nephew and chase off whoever he was with as a favor to Cora.

But I froze once more as I reached the doorway. My jaw dropped, and a hot flush overtook my skin. I recalled then that Mark's brother was a twin, and that the nephew was named Dalton.

Dalton was the spitting image of Mark

"HE SLURPED ON MY CLIT, DRAWING PLEASURE OUT OF ME THAT WAS ALMOST PAINFUL."

in his studly heyday, all trim muscle and sinewy limbs. I got a good long look at him, as he was laid out on the guest bed, naked, eyes squeezed shut, pulling on his cock and groaning with pleasure.

I stood helplessly transfixed, drinking in that gorgeous sight. I liked how his balls bounced as he jerked himself and how his lean young body flexed against the mattress. He couldn't have been older than 22.

I should have backed quietly away, but I didn't. His moans turned into an outright cry, and he started raining pearly juice onto himself. As he pumped his last spurt, his eyes opened—then he saw me in the doorway.

"I'm a friend of Cora and Mark's!" I announced in a panic.

Instead of covering himself, he smiled languidly at me and reached for a tissue to wipe the come off his chest and tight stomach. I was still gazing at him, my pussy aching.

He patted the bed. "Come sit with me." He didn't act at all embarrassed.

In a daze, I obeyed. Dalton brushed my blonde hair off my forehead and said, "You're hot. You wanna fuck?"

Some middle-aged reflex almost made me act affronted. But then I grabbed his bare shoulders and jammed my mouth on his, stabbing my tongue past his lips. If he thought he could shock me with blunt talk, he had another thing coming. He seemed the essence of my good old days, a sexually liberal young man, comfortable in his skin and eager to share his youthful body.

Dalton answered my kiss, tangling his tongue with mine. He drew me down next to him. I pressed against his naked form, caressing his smooth, firm flesh. His skin was drum-tight, his muscles nicely defined.

He pulled my shirt off, and I shimmied out of my gym pants. His hands roamed over my body. He squeezed my breasts, pausing to pluck at my excited pink nipples. He reached behind to cup my ass, and I did the same to him, savoring the taut handfuls. Even though he'd just come, his cock was starting to stir again.

With a smooth motion, he moved me onto my back. He kissed my throat, then sucked on my tits, going back and forth between them until he began licking his way farther down. By the time he was flicking his tongue playfully over my navel, I had my thighs spread and my pussy was desperate for his mouth.

He got between my legs. I hugged his shoulders with my thighs. His hot breath teased my pussy lips, then his tongue speared me. He drove it deep into me, and my hips bucked. His tongue worked in and out. Then he slurped on my pulsing clit, drawing an intensity of pleasure out of me that was almost

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painful as it rose and rose. I clawed the mattress on either side of me.

Dalton licked and delved. I clamped my legs around his strong shoulders as my climax heaved through me. My ass lifted off the bed as I jammed myself against his face. Bliss thundered through my veins.

When he sat up, I saw his cock was fully hard. He grinned. His face was wet with my juice. I said, "Get up here and put that cock in my mouth."

He scrambled up my body, straddling my chest. I took hold of his vein-lined cock and put my lips around the swollen crown. I swirled my tongue over his cockhead. Then I put my hands on his hips and started pulling him forward.

He leaned over me, bracing his hands on the headboard. He slid his shaft into my mouth, and I swallowed everything he had, taking him all the way. I'd lost none of the proud cock-sucking skills of my youth. Dalton's dick was deep in my throat, and his balls were against my chin.

I gave him a few encouraging purrs, and he set off fucking my mouth. It was beautiful, the long slow slide of him, his taut shape flexing above me. He grunted with pleasure. His every plunge filled my mouth, distending my lips. I sucked on him, caving in my cheeks around his sweet intruding staff.

He could have come like that if he'd wanted, and I would've swallowed his cream. But I was shivering with renewed need, and he must have sensed it. He withdrew his cock from my mouth and moved back down my body.

"Yes!" I cried. "Yeah! Fuck my pussy!"

Grinning, he slammed his cock deep into me. I was jolted with maniacal pleasure. My hips lifted. I wrapped my gym-toned legs around his waist. I pulled him as deep inside myself as was possible, feeling him at my tender depths, where the old joys had all come to new life. The years vanished. I had never regretted any of what I'd done. This was like revisiting those halcyon sexual times. This moment with Dalton was both casual and intimate. We were two frank beings, attracted to one another. It didn't matter that we'd met moments ago. We were following our natural instincts.

It was just a bonus that he was 20 years younger than me.

Dalton stroked hard into me. My body heaved and rolled under his. The sound of our flesh smacking together was like a series of thunderclaps. I grinned up at his face as it twisted, approaching an orgasmic grimace. Suddenly, my own second climax raced past his, and I was shuddering through a crazed bliss, my whole body on fire.

When I abruptly disengaged, Dalton looked dismayed. I growled, "Fuck me from behind!"

I spun over onto my hands and knees, and he scrambled to slot himself back into my hot pussy. He hammered me mercilessly, nearly knocking me flat.

As he let out a feral cry, fresh rapture consumed me. In the same instant he yanked his cock out of my snatch, and sizzling jets of cream were splattering my ass and showering across my back.

Eventually, we lay side by side, recuperating until our next go-around.

At some point, I knew I'd have to call Cora and tell her everything was fine with their nephew, but I had more pressing matters to address.

–D.H., via email

THE GETAWAY

Sela ran her hand over the smooth wood of the four-poster bed in our suite.

"This place is amazing."

"I'm glad you approve."

"You're sure we can afford this getaway?"

I nodded. "I had a very good year. Only the best for my baby."

She smiled at me and coiled a lock of hair around her finger. That was the sign

for horny. Sela is 10 years my senior, but at 48 she gives me a run for my money in the bedroom—and anywhere else she decides she wants to fuck. At some point I'd be rewarded for this vacation in the best possible way. Repeatedly.

"Let's look around some more." I led her into the kitchen. I knew it was the kind she dreamed of: a high ceiling, white-washed cabinets, an island for preparing and eating food.

"Wow. We can cook some amazing meals here over the next two weeks."

She splayed her upper body over the counter and her skirt rode up. I moved in close and pressed myself against her ass, teasing her. She laughed and wriggled against me.

I grunted and thrust against her but then pulled her upright. "Let's go look at the loft."

We went up the steps to a small loft that had been outfitted as a TV area. That small space alone must have cost a fortune.

"Look at this," she said, flopping down on the sofa. I caught a glimpse of her yellow panties.

I was getting distracted.

"I know, right? We can watch movies, fuck on the sofa, watch more movies, fuck against the railing."

"You've planned a lot of fucking," she said.

"I can't help it when you prance around in an obscene skirt like that."

"What this?" She lifted the skirt and wriggled her hips. I saw the cleft of her pussy lips press to the front of the panties and felt my cock stir.

I nodded.

"This little old thing?" She flipped onto her belly and pressed her ass up in the air. I growled, and she squealed. "Before something happens, show me the rest of this place!"

She hopped up and took my hand. I led her down to what I knew would be her absolute favorite bit.

I opened the slider and brought her out onto the balcony. There was a hot tub and a view of the mountains that was damn near heart-stopping.

"I SUCKLED HER CLIT UNTIL SHE CRIED OUT, THEN I RESUMED MY DELIBERATE LICKS."

"Wow." She leaned against the sturdy railing and looked down out at the incredible vista. Peering over the balcony was a little vertigo-inducing with its view of the treetops and the cresting mountain. The air was crisp and cooler than in the city.

She turned to me and sighed. "And you're sure we can handle this?"

I put my arms around her waist. "I'm sure. And we deserve it. It's been way too long since we had a proper vacation."

She pressed herself against me. Her back was to the railing, and the softness of her breasts pressed against my chest. I put my hands on her lush hips.

"Take my panties off," she whispered in my ear.

I looked down into her big green eyes. "You know that there are other vacation homes that can probably see us—"

"Take my panties off," she said again.

I reached down and slipped my hands beneath her dress. I found the smooth fabric of her panties and slipped my thumbs beneath the waistband and pushed them down. I pulled them to her knees and then waited as she lifted one leg and then the other to step out of the tiny garment. My cock was as hard as a rock, swelling uncomfortably inside my boxer briefs as I stood there holding her panties.

"Thank you," she said, holding her hand out. I put the undies in her palm and watched as she tossed them over the balcony.

I couldn't help but laugh. "Woman, you are nuts."

"I'll take that as a compliment."

Sela pressed firmly on my shoulders, and I got the hint. Her bare ass was pressed to the sturdy tempered glass beneath the banister. I wondered who could see her, and if they recognized what a superb peach of an ass my woman had. I only had a moment to wonder because then she was holding the back of my head and pushing it toward her crotch. I licked around her outer lips just to drive her nuts.

She snarled and bucked her hips, and I surrendered, giving her what she wanted. I zeroed in on her clit and lapped at it gently at first. But when she gave a little sob, I pressed my hands to her hips and forcibly held her steady. I suckled her clit until she cried out, then I resumed my slow, deliberate licks. I pushed a finger into her cunt and curled it as I swirled her clit with my tongue.

When she came, she pulled my hair so hard tears sprang to my eyes.

She moved to push me away, and I shook my head. "You know better than that, Sela. Give me another."

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Her knees sagged a little as I went back in, flicking her clit with fast movements. She tells me she loves me because I can move my tongue so fast. I use it to my advantage.

I added a second finger to the first and fucked her with short, swift thrusts of my digits. I sucked her clit hard once again, since she'd relaxed.

"Oh, fuck," she said. Her hand came down on the back of my head, and she anchored me in place.

"Give it to me."

She bucked forward quickly, banging her mound against my teeth. The sharpness pushed her over the edge, and she came a second time, her pussy soaking my fingers with her juices.

"You're so goddamn wet."

"Then you know what I need."

She turned quickly, holding her short dress bunched around her waist and pressed her body back toward me. I knew that anyone could see through that glass, see her neatly groomed pussy, and her strong, thick thighs, and the way she was presenting herself to me.

My cock was so hard it ached.

I knocked her legs apart farther and stepped up. I undid my button and my zipper and pushed my pants down. Then I grabbed her hips and slid my cock between her legs, riding her wetness but not entering her. I faux-fucked her until she snarled at me, "Stop teasing."

I laughed softly and put my hand at the small of her back, angling her forward some more. Then I was driving into her slick cunt easily.

I kept my hand in place as I drove in and out of her. I watched her full ass jiggle as I fucked her and heard the birds singing and felt the cool mountain breeze rush over us. Her hair flew back in the wind, and she clutched the railing and pressed back against me.

"I LUBED UP HER BACKDOOR BEFORE BRINGING MY COCKHEAD TO HER TIGHT HOLE."

She tucked her hand beneath her body, and I could see the flex in her shoulder muscles as she stroked her clit.

"That's it." I grabbed her long hair and wound it around my hand, using it as a rein. "Come again."

"No, no," she said. But Sela always says no when she's getting close to coming. Don't ask me why.

"Oh, yes." I thrust into her high and hard and heard her exhale softly. She was pushing back to meet me, clenching her pussy tight around me. I felt the first small ripple that meant she was going to come.

I pushed a finger into her asshole, and she groaned—and then she was coming, her tight pussy milking me so hard I feared I'd lose it. But I forced myself to hold on.

When her orgasm subsided, I slowed my thrusts. I deliberately and lazily fucked her. "Take those titties out," I said. "Show whoever's watching what you've got, baby."

She moaned, and I smiled. Dirty talk always got my hot cougar wife going. She pulled her breasts from the bodice of her top and then I was back to fucking her hard.

"No," she said. "Pull out."

I didn't question. I obeyed.

"My ass," she said.

I was at just the right angle to see her pinch her nipple so hard the rosy flesh blanched white.

"Are you sure?"

"Shut up—and fuck my ass."

She didn't have to tell me twice. I spit on my fingers and hastily lubed up her backdoor before bringing my glossy cockhead to her tight hole and pressing forward slowly. I felt her body blossom and take the tip. Then I pushed a bit harder. The whole time I was squeezing, kneading and stroking her ass and hips.

She moaned, and I felt her move back to take me, opening her back passage with her motion. I slid into her deeper, feeling the wet velvet clutch of her ass around my dick.

"Fuck," I growled.

"That's the point, lover," she said laughing softly. Then she surprised me by driving her body back and seating me fully in her backdoor.

I paused, waited to feel her relax, and then I began to move.

"Fuck me," she said. She pushed back, and I felt the wind kick up.

I looked out over the balcony and saw just a few roof peaks in the distance. The wink of one or two windows.

I smacked her ass hard, and she jolted. "Who do you think can see us, bad girl? Who do you think is watching me fuck your ass out here on this ritzy balcony? Who watched me eat your pussy? Who watched me fuck you until you came? Who's watching us now?"

Every question earned me a moan, and I felt the distinct sensation of her shoving her fingers into her empty cunt as I fucked her ass. I felt the friction and the drag of her fingers driving in and out as I ground against her, filling her rear hole.

"Whoever wants to watch," she said in a breathy growl. "Whoever wants to see. And if we keep the lights on when it's dark they can watch us fuck every night."

It was my turn to growl.

Her fingers moved faster in and out of her pussy, and the sensation was enough to drive me closer to the edge.

"Oh, I'm coming. I'm coming!" she cried.

That pushed me over the edge, and I came with her, spilling my load into her tight ass as she cried out. Birds took flight, and then we were both laughing.

"Hell of a way to start our vacation," she said.

"Only the best."

–P.F., Denver, Colorado

BOSS LADY

Being an executive is exciting and rewarding. Making the decisions that will lead our company to success or failure gives me a huge adrenaline rush, but sometimes I'd wonder what it would be like to give up control to someone else–especially in the bedroom.

Some men my age seem put off by my success, but younger men exude a level of sexual confidence that could never be affected by the balance in my bank account. They're perfectly suited to take a successful woman like me to task, enabling me to relinquish my power in the pursuit of mutual pleasure.

One particular younger man caught my interest in a big way. My personal trainer, Shane, has always been an extremely tempting flirt. He's also about 15 years my junior. Though it's fun to indulge him during our sessions, I never thought it wise to take our relationship out of the gym. That is, of course, until he confided that he enjoys women who surrender to him in bed.

It was a comment I couldn't ignore. One day when I was home alone, I finally plucked up the nerve to call Shane and ask for a "special session." He agreed immediately. I texted him my address, slipped into my silk robe and anxiously waited for him to arrive.

When the doorbell finally rang, my heart felt like it was going to pound out of my chest. I pulled the door open slowly, peeking at Shane from around the edge of the wood.

My eyes slid over his body, lingering on his legs. Dark denim stretched across powerful-looking, muscular thighs. A thick bulge beneath his zipper had me licking my lips.

I ushered Shane inside, quietly closing the door behind him. "Thank you for coming over," I said.

Shane smiled, grabbing my wrist to pull me closer. "I'm always happy to help my favorite client."

Shane tugged at the silken cord that fastened my robe.

"I like this," he murmured, his gaze meeting mine. "It makes it easy to undress you," he tugged at the cord, whipping the material so that my robe fell open, exposing my naked body.

His fingers fisted around each end of the cord, and he held it up, pulling it tight with a snap. "I think I'll use it to tie you up and make you mine."

My mouth went dry. The badass who rules the boardroom was swallowed by a bout of shyness. A fiery red blush scorched everywhere from my cheeks to my chest. Unable to look Shane in the eye, I directed my gaze to the floor.

Meanwhile, Shane radiated

confidence. He took a hold of my chin, tilting my face upward. "As long as I'm in front of you, you keep your eyes on me."

I nodded to show that I understood.

"Good girl," he said with a smile. The pad of his thumb trailed along my lower lip. The gritty texture of his callused skin left my flesh tingling. "Now go kneel on the bed."

I turned on my heel and headed straight for my bedroom. Heavy footsteps echoed through the hallway, telling me Shane wasn't far behind.

Horny and eager to get under Shane, I increased my speed, sprinting to the bedroom like a gold medal was up for grabs.

When I reached my bedroom, I climbed onto the mattress, settling on my knees in the center of the bed. I looked at Shane, signaling that I was ready for his next command.

"Put your hands together."

I pressed my wrists together, offering them to Shane. One of his large hands circled my wrists completely. Then he wound the silky sash from my bathrobe around both wrists, tying it off.

At Shane's direction, I lowered my upper body to the mattress, resting my weight on my forearms. His palm rested between my shoulder blades, pushing me down further so my tits pressed against the mattress.

"I like you trussed up like this," Shane murmured. His fingers curled around my thigh, pulling it out so that my legs were spread wider while my ass was still high in the air.

In my peripheral vision, I saw Shane's shirt go flying off the bed. A metallic rumble told me his zipper was down and the pants were next to go.

After discarding his jeans, Shane's hand smoothed over the curve of my ass cheek, moving in toward the center. The pad of his thumb pressed against my asshole, teasing the puckered flesh until I could feel the rhythm he set pulsing in my clit. It was maddeningly good.

"HE JAMMED INSIDE ME, AND HIS DICK SLAMMED MY G-SPOT, MAKING ME SCREAM."

Shane pulled his hand away, and I groaned. I lifted my ass higher, searching fruitlessly for his touch.

A low chuckle rumbled against my neck. His lips brushed over my ear. "Patience, gorgeous," he whispered.

I was desperate for his touch, but a slick pop of his lips assured me that Shane was just getting started. Cool and wet, his thumb circled my asshole. Shock waves rocked my body, sending a shower of sparks over my skin. Every nerve seemed to fire off at once, shooting white-hot pulses straight to my clit.

The pad of Shane's thumb pressed against the opening of my ass, and I gasped. My hips lifted higher, gradually angling my butt upward until his thumb sank inside.

Slowly he slid deeper, stretching my tight passage. I remained perfectly still, blissfully savoring the sensations.

"That's a good girl," he whispered.

Shane's free hand stroked my ass cheek, kneading the flesh until it tingled. The tension in my muscles melted away, and I moaned, shoving my ass hard back against his hand.

Meanwhile, Shane's thumb wiggled inside me, sending delicious little pangs of pleasure straight to my core. The walls of my pussy spasmed, reminding me that there was another hole that desperately needed to be filled.

Finally, the tip of Shane's dick pressed at my cunt. He swirled it around, collecting the juices that lubricated my folds. Then he slid inside one agonizing inch at a time.

When Shane's pelvis met my ass he paused, allowing my body time to expand around his girth. Then he pulled back and slammed into me, hard and unrelenting.

Pleasure prickled at my skin while Shane's free hand climbed higher up my thigh. His fingers slid sideways until the tips pressed against my clit.

I groaned, rocking my hips against Shane's hand. Every pleasurable bit of my body was set aflame. My muscles seized, shaking with tension. I buried my face in the pillows, sending my sated screams deep into the mattress.

His fingers wound into my hair, twisting my mane until my head tilted back. Shane turned my head to the side, lowering his own face until our eyes met. "Don't be

shy. I want to hear you. Understand?"

My heart slammed against my chest. I nodded, moving my head as much as my position allowed.

Shane eased his grip on my hair, unwinding the strands until I could move freely. I settled my cheek on my hands, turning my face away from the pillows.

There would be plenty more sounds of pleasure for Shane to enjoy. A swivel of his hips put Shane in direct contact with that sweet spot inside me. I was torn between holding tight to the pleasure rising inside me and relaxing so he could fill me completely.

"Oh, God," I groaned. My hips bucked. My pussy muscles gripped Shane's dick, holding him hostage in exchange for unimaginable pleasure.

A growl rumbled in Shane's chest. "Not yet, gorgeous."

Shane's hips stilled. The fingers that had played with my clit now spread across my abdomen, holding me steady.

I groaned in protest. Satisfaction flirted dangerously with denial. The fullness Shane's cock created soothed the ache within, but without movement I would never find real relief.

Slowly, Shane released the breath he'd been holding.

"That's better," he mumbled. Then he drew his hips back, pulling his dick from me one torturous inch at a time.

Once the tip was the only bit left inside me, Shane stopped again. He wiggled his thumb into my ass, pulling a desperate cry from me. My cunt clamped around his cockhead, refusing to let the last of him go.

Then another hitch of Shane's hips rocked me to my core. He jammed himself inside me, and his dick slammed my G-spot, making me scream. Every muscle in my body grew tight while delicious jolts of pleasure rolled along my spine.

He rode me hard and fast, pitching my body forward with every lunge of his hips. My pussy clamped around Shane's dick, spasming in an effort to draw him deeper.

Air hissed from between Shane's teeth. He stopped moving again, leaving me wanton and desperate. Since words were failing to materialize on my tongue, I moaned my protest, rocking my hips back to tell Shane what I needed.

Through gritted teeth Shane ground out, "Keep doing that, and I'll make you wait even longer for an orgasm."

I stopped rocking my hips immediately.

"I need these little breaks to keep from busting all over your backside," Shane said.

Frustrating as waiting was, the more Shane denied me, the greater the pleasure became. He drove into me again, moving my body forward until my head pushed against the pillows.

I dug my elbows into the mattress, determined to meet Shane thrust for thrust so I could milk every ounce of pleasure out of the experience. Every time he pushed forward, I shoved my ass back, sending little echoes of satisfaction across my skin.

That's when the world went black. I couldn't feel the bed beneath me, or even Shane's hands on me. Every facet of my senses was focused on the bundle of nerves vibrating in my center.

A broken scream warbled in my ears, and I realized it was coming from me. It felt like I'd jumped off a cliff, free falling until the water below swallowed me whole. Shane soon joined me, groaning loudly as he filled me with his cream.

We collapsed together in a panting, sweaty heap. Shane reclined next to me on the bed, absentmindedly stroking my side while the last tremors of pleasure rocked my body.

That afternoon, Shane got a promotion. He was no longer just my personal trainer, he became my lover, too.

–M.K., Jacksonville, Florida

A proud mature lady who still has a healthy sexual appetite—that's a cougar! If you are one or know one and have a story to tell, Penthouse wants to hear it. Mail your tale to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department KC, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com

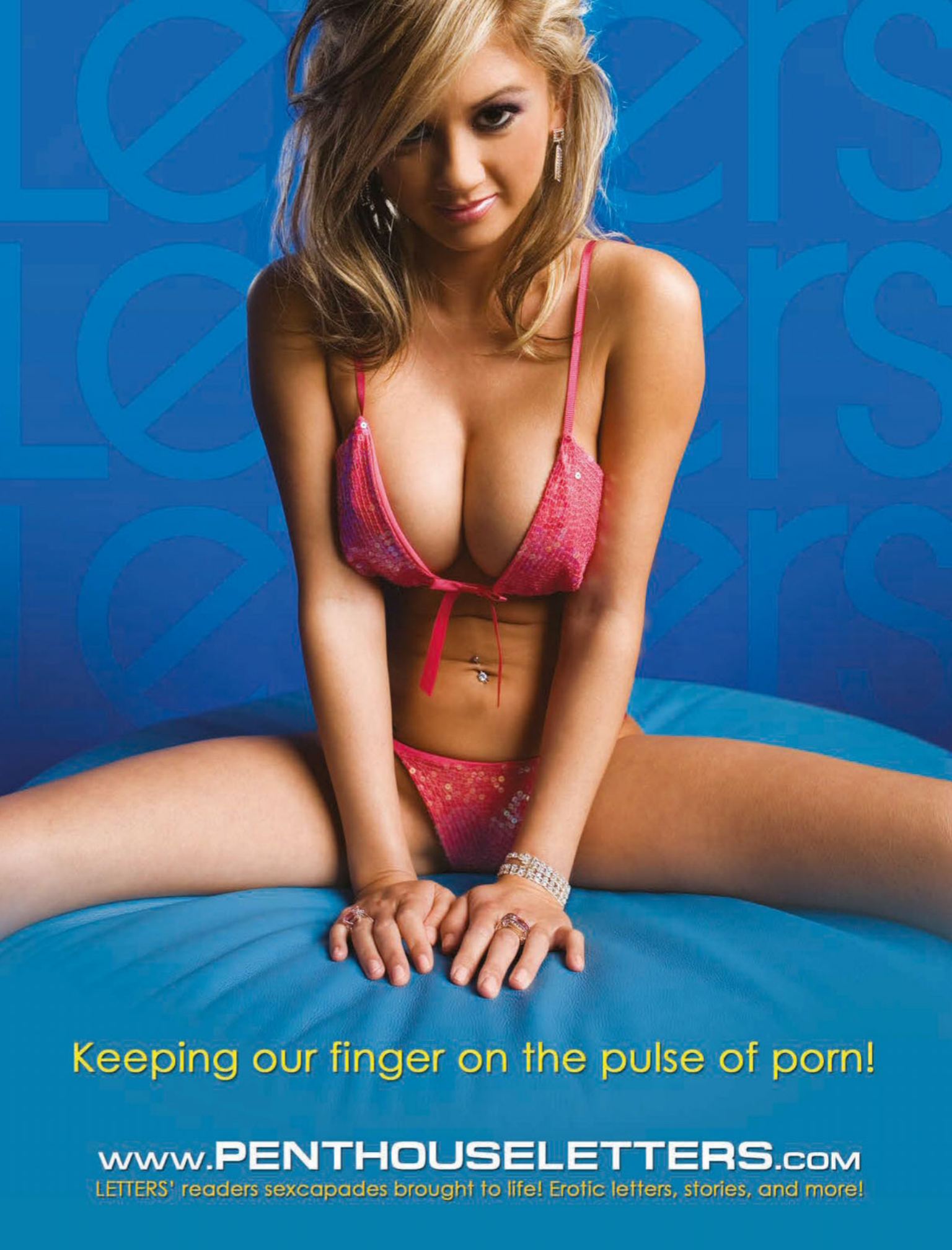
FIRST BLUSH

ARIANA'S BLOSSOMING AROUSAL BECOMES TOO INTENSE TO RESIST.

15

"HOT AND WET IS MY FAVORITE WAY TO BE!"

—ARIANA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TOTALLY LIT

Now that I was single, I was doing all the stuff Marcie, my ex, hated but I loved. I'd eaten at a Vietnamese restaurant, watched subtitled movies and moved onto what she'd disliked most—being outdoors.

The park was huge, full of valleys, hills and lakes. I'd gone off the trails. I could almost hear Marcie's voice: *Nick, you're going to get us lost!* But she grew fainter with every step.

Even so, I *was* lost. But that didn't worry me. I had time to ponder. I realized I'd stayed with Marcie so long because she had big tits and shiny blonde hair, which weren't smart reasons to stick with somebody who's not right for you.

I hiked on, driving myself hard, feeling alternately horny and exhilarated. This had become like a spirit quest. I topped a rise and had a view into the next valley. There was a lake, and I spotted movement on it.

I got my binoculars out of my pack and froze. Someone was swimming the medium-sized lake, crossing it with quick, athletic strokes. Flesh flashed in the sun. I saw a tight bare female ass breaking the surface of the water.

She swam the length, then came back. Dark hair streamed out behind her. As she reached the edge where her clothes were, I told myself I should stop watching. Then again, she was swimming nude in the great outdoors. How could she expect total privacy?

Besides, by now I had a hard-on. She was quite a distance away, but the binocular lenses were powerful. I watched with a shivery excitement as she emerged from the lake. Water dripped off her lovely body. She was taut with trim muscles. Her tits were high and firm. She dried herself, her movements graceful, sensual.

I stopped short of pulling out my cock and jerking myself off to that gorgeous sight, thinking that would be over the line. But I savored every inch of her. She dressed and set off in the opposite direction, heading up a hill.

The day was getting late. Even lost, I knew if I headed back I would hit one of the park's main trails. But impulsively I started after her, though I was far behind. If she was going up that hill, I would hopefully find her at the top. There I'd introduce myself, and maybe if I was charming enough, we could get to know each other.

The hill turned out to be more like a mountain. A quarter of the way up, I realized how foolish this was. Evening was coming on and clouds were rolling in. I was fatigued now. I kept on climbing because horny guys don't always make the best decisions. Images of that wet naked body goaded me on, not that I had any right to think I would ever see her naked again.

When I was halfway up the hill, the rain started. The darkness thickened. I could barely see now. I persevered. If there was shelter up top, I had to reach it. I slogged up through mud, over slick rocks. This had gotten treacherous and more than a little scary.

I was a few hundred yards from the hilltop when the lightning began. The first flash made me jump. Thunder rolled in behind it, and I felt tiny and vulnerable in this big wilderness. With the last of my strength, I sprinted for the peak.

Another bolt of lightning turned everything white. Only in the afterimage did I see the cabins. I raced to the nearest one. Panting, drenched, I tumbled inside. There was a light switch, but no light came on. A new lightning flash lit a window, and I saw this was a rustic room, with little more than a bed and a stove. The thunder crashed, loud enough to shake the roof.

I set down my pack and stripped off my wet clothes. I sat on the bed, getting my breath. The situation was crazy, but at least I was out of the storm.

Suddenly, the cabin door opened. Lightning struck at the same instant, revealing the person standing there. Startled, I went to grab a blanket to cover myself, but the bed was just a bare mattress, I saw.

The dark-haired woman from the lake

was gazing at me. The flash of lightning left me with the image of a pretty, sprite-like face. She appeared amused.

"These cabins aren't available to rent for another month," she said. "Even the electricity's turned off. I'm the caretaker."

I cupped my crotch with my hands and tried to toe my hiking shorts toward the bed.

She giggled. "Don't put on wet clothes. Here, if it makes you more comfortable, I'll get out of my wet ones."

With that, I watched in disbelief as she peeled off her shirt and shorts, which were indeed soaked. Another fork of lightning showed me her body in stark silvery tones, the same healthy firmness I'd seen through the binoculars. She shut the door. Rain drummed the roof. She approached the bed.

She said, "Most people give up halfway up the hill. Nobody's ever scaled it in a lightning storm before."

The lake! She had put herself out as bait. It was only because Marcie hated the outdoors that I'd been in the park at all. The unlikeliness of all these events didn't stop the excitement rising in me as I beheld the woman's bare beautiful body while the lightning lit it irregularly.

"SHE SQUIRMED ON THE BED AS I PARTED HER LIPS WITH MY TONGUE AND TASTED HER."

"My name's Brandy," she said, sitting beside me.

"I'm Nick," I answered hoarsely. I could no longer adequately cover my cock, which had uncoiled to full throbbing size.

She leaned in to kiss me. I pressed my mouth back against her soft lips. Her tongue darted out, flicking my upper and then my lower lip before slipping between them. My tongue was there to meet hers. We tangled sensuously. Our arms came up around each other. Her skin was smooth and slightly chilled from the rain. She must have seen me enter the empty hilltop camp from whatever caretaker's cabin was hers.

Our kiss deepened, mouths grinding against each other as another bolt of lightning flashed through the cabin's window and illuminated the simple bed. I drew her gently down onto the mattress, until we lay side by side. I felt the full length of her firm naked body. Her tits pressed against me. Her nipples were stiff little buds. My cock beat against her tight abdomen.

Her hands explored me, and mine did the same to her. She was a wonder of well-toned flesh. Beads of moisture dotted her long dark hair, I saw as fresh lightning briefly scoured the shadows from the cabin's interior. The light effect was like a strobe, leaving tantalizing afterimages, making everything seem surreal.

I shifted Brandy onto her back so I could give her luscious tits some attention. I squeezed. I caressed. I lowered my mouth to her lush mounds, flicking her tasty nipples. After I'd gorged myself, to her mewling pleasure, I headed for points south.

Brandy spread her legs, and I settled my face over her shaved crotch. A flash of lightning revealed the dazzling

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↘ SERENDIPITY

furrow of her wet pussy. I inhaled her enticing scent, then licked her folds. She squirmed on the bed as I parted her lips with my tongue and tasted her sweet interior.

I lapped at her glistening cleft, her juices coating my tongue. I delved deep and coaxed her swelling clit to total life. Her slim hips jumped off the mattress. Then my tongue flickered over her asshole, and she cried out with joy. I went back and forth between her two holes, and she seized my hair and humped madly against my face. With a cry that drowned out the rain and thunder, she came, smearing me with her liquid love.

I came up panting, and she wrested me over onto my back. I caught sight of the hungry expression on her face, frozen in electrical white, just before she scrambled between my legs and dropped her mouth onto my straining cock.

She sucked me right to my balls, and I yelped with pleasure. Her dark-haired head rose and fell, her mouth making a terrific suction. Cradling my balls with one hand, she orally worshiped my shaft. She took my full length with every descent. I was moaning and thrashing on the bed, about halfway to a furious climax.

But I wanted to fuck her pussy before I shot off. Luckily, that's what she wanted me to do, too. In mid-suck she broke off, levered nimbly upright over me and lowered her dripping pussy onto my spit-shiny cock. She slammed down on

"SHE ANNOUNCED HER SECOND ORGASM WITH A SHOUT, HER PUSSY TIGHTENING ON ME."

me, stressing the frame of the rustic bed. Thunder boomed, perfectly timed to the roar of pleasure I felt inside.

Brandy braced a hand on my chest and started riding me. In bright flashes I saw her body move. She was agile. Her sprite-like face was twisted with excitement. With the rain drumming harder, we worked in a cooperative rhythm. I thrust up as she drove down. She writhed on my cock, dark hair trailing over her face as her head turned from side to side.

She announced her second orgasm with a shout, her pussy tightening on me as she held herself impaled. Then she collapsed forward. I caught her and eased out from under her. She went gladly onto her hands and knees as I got behind her.

Grinning back at me over her shoulder, she said, "Don't be too picky about what hole you fuck!"

Frantic sexual energy lit me from within as the storm outside continued to intensify. I cupped the lovely globes of her ass and plunged my cock into her pussy. She cried out raggedly with new pleasure. Crackling with desire, I stroked hard into her, reaching her innermost depths. Her body quivered.

But the pucker of her asshole was too much to resist. It gleamed in the lightning's glow. I pulled out and set my slick cockhead against the ring. As thunder hit, I popped inside. She jammed her ass back against me, wanting this intrusion. Marcie had never gone in for anal. (Marcie? Who the hell was she?) I slid my cock all the way home into Brandy's ass.

The cinching tightness of the penetration was awesome. But she didn't let me linger.

"Fuck my ass, Nick! Hard!" I did just that. I pounded that sweet butt, relishing the slightly odd angle, the grasping fierce heat.

Nature's electricity lit us up again as I hammered her ass. Suddenly, my balls were tightening. The final joy struck. Brandy screamed as I jetted my spunk into her hole. My whole being sparked with electrical might.

I never saw Brandy again after that night, but images of her remained seared into my memory, pictures written in lightning.

–N.F., Helena, Montana

LAST CALL

The bar was utterly deserted when I walked in. I dropped my bag on a stool and hopped up on another. "Hello?"

I was in no mood for hunting down a cocktail waitress or a bartender. I leaned over the bar and looked toward the door that led to the back room. No one was in sight. "Are you still open?"

My voice was getting louder. Once again Zack had stood me up, and this time I'd had it. I called and left him a voicemail telling him to lose my number and stick his promises up his ass. He was good in bed, but beyond that he sucked as a boyfriend.

I was just about to hop the damn bar when the bathroom door opened and tall, dark, and beefcake walked out.

"Settle down, settle down. I'm only a man. I had to pee."

"Are you the only one here?" For some reason I felt utterly comfortable giving this man grief. Maybe because I'd had my fill of men at the moment. But even as I spoke, I found myself smiling.

He cocked a dark eyebrow at me and walked behind the bar. "I am. I let the waitress go because the last customer left about ten minutes ago when the cab I called for him arrived."

"Ah, a nice bartender. Go figure."

"What'll it be, grumpy?"

So, he was giving me a hard time right back. Beautiful.

"Whiskey. Neat."

"Top-shelf or garbage?"

"Whatever comes between top-shelf and garbage."

"A discerning customer."

He poured me a hearty whiskey, and I slapped a twenty on the bar. "Keep the change," I snarled.

He leaned against the shiny wood. "What crawled up your ass and died?"

I couldn't help it. I laughed. "Are you this nice to all your customers?"

"Only the ones who come in here bellowing like a wildebeest and give me crap from the word go."

I toasted him with my drink. "I hear that."

"And only the ones who wear their jeans like you do. All snug and faded over that onion ass."

I almost choked on my drink. "An onion ass? What's that supposed to mean?" I couldn't help it. I turned around to peer at my own butt.

"An onion ass," he said, polishing the bar. "An ass so good it makes you cry."

Then I did choke a little, but I nodded along as I did so. "I'll take that as a compliment."

He stared at me. He had big dark brown eyes that seemed to see right through all my bullshit. "You should. I don't give that onion compliment out often. Stand up and let me see it."

I gaped at him. Was he serious? So I blurted out, "Are you serious?"

He came out from behind the bar and stood about two feet away. "I am dead serious. Unless you don't want to show me. Then I'll go back behind the bar and mind my own beeswax."

I shifted on the stool and regarded him. Something about him set me at ease, and apparently turned me the fuck on because I couldn't help but notice my pussy was wet. Really wet.

I put down my drink, only a sip remained in the thick glass. I stood and faced him, but only for a moment. Then I turned my back to him and sort of popped my right hip to make my ass poke out.

"And there it is," he said in a reverent voice as he admired my figure.

I almost laughed but found I couldn't because my heart was pounding and a faint flicker had taken up residence in my cunt. My pussy was flexing desperately around nothing.

I felt him move closer; his energy was palpable in the deserted bar. "I'm going to touch you," he said, warning me. My body tensed but only slightly. Then it relaxed as he slid a big hand over the curve of my ass. His touch was firm but gentle, and a humming sound escaped me before I could stop it.

"Yeah? Does that feel good? Is any of that anger dissipating?"

I found myself arching into his touch like a shameless cat. I shook my head. "No. I'm still angry. But I deserve to be."

Now it was both hands. I kept waiting for the front door to swing open and for someone seeking booze to enter. And yet, miraculously it didn't happen.

He smoothed both hands over my ass and then surprised me by pinching me hard and fast. I gasped and jumped out of reflex, but then found myself moving back into his touch once again.

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"Did that help any?" Before I could answer, he pinched me again. The pain was sudden, intense, but faded quickly and left in its wake a thumping, wet desire between my thighs.

"Did pinching me help with my anger?" I asked, flabbergasted. I fought to keep the moan out of my voice.

Then he grabbed my hips and pulled me back against him. His hard cock rode the split of my ass crack. He said from behind me, "Yeah, did that little bit of pain help?"

"No," I said, my voice breathy.

His hand flared and then his fingertips were pressing against my mound. "Liar."

I hung my head and found myself grinding back to meet his hard-on. "I'm not a liar."

He slipped his fingers lower so that they rode the cleft of my pussy. I'd have given anything for my jeans to have disappeared right then and there. "You are a liar."

Then he was gone and my body bucked at the absence of his heat. He strode to the door and turned the lock on the red wooden door.

"Take them off," he commanded.

"Take what off?" But my traitorous hands had already strayed to unbutton my jeans.

"You know. Do it."

I popped the button and tugged the zipper and wondered how this evening had gone from shit to so damn interesting.

I stepped out of my jeans, and he let out a low whistle. "Commando," he said, making an appreciative noise.

"Yep."

He walked toward me and drew a finger from my navel down to the cleft of my sex. His fingertip zeroed right in on my clit, and I sighed. Then he was kneeling, and I was licking my lips, watching his dark head move between my thighs.

"Let's see if I can help you. It's not good seeing such a beautiful woman so angry."

His tongue touched where his finger had been, and I groaned. Then he was lapping at me with long, even strokes of his wet tongue as I curled my fingers against my thighs and tried to breathe.

"Spread your legs, grumpy," he said.

I did as I was told, and his hand strayed between my thighs and then two thick fingers were sliding into me. His tongue flicked over my throbbing clit as he fucked me with those strong fingers.

He paused and bit my hip in an exact place he'd already pinched. Then he went back to my clit, his tongue tender in the aftermath of the sharp bite. I came. I thrust my hips toward his wet mouth, my pussy gripped his driving fingers and I cried out shamelessly in the tiny dingy bar.

"There. That should help a little."

He stood, and with his big hands on my hips, he turned me to face the bar. I braced myself with shaking hands and found that I was already arching myself back to beckon him. I heard his belt and his zipper and then the soft thud of his jeans hitting the floor. He'd moved in close behind me. His hand appeared between my thighs, and he knocked them wider. He angled me just so with his hand spread on my lower back.

"Tell me you want it," he said, his voice deep.

I found myself nodding over and over, completely mesmerized by the turn of events. His hands, his mouth, the orgasm. And now the feel of his smooth hard cock sliding along my wet slit.

"Use your words, grumpy."

"I want it," I said, caving.

"Want what?" He nudged my opening with his cockhead but went no further.

"Your cock," I said.

"Call it a dick," he said, chuckling darkly.

"Your dick."

This time he groaned, and his strong hands latched onto my hips. He pushed himself inside me but just a few inches. Then he froze, his hot breath on the back of my neck, his fingers digging into the meat of me.

"Again," he said.

"Your dick," I repeated. "Give it to me. Fuck me."

He sighed with contentment and started to move. Slowly at first. Driving into me with great laziness until he was fully seated. His cock nudged my G-spot in the most exquisite way. I growled and moved back against him, slamming his

dick against the same spot inside me. It would only take a few strokes to get me off if his cock kept hitting me that way.

"Something good?"

"Yes," I said, nodding, head down. I pushed back against him, getting the same glorious sensation. I shivered, moving myself back again. He stayed exactly as he was while I reared back repeatedly, taking what I needed over and over and over. When my body clutched him tight and my breath was short and shallow, he gripped me hard enough for me to know I'd be bruised the next day. Then he thrust into me once, hard and deep. I came with another loud bellow, completely unashamed by my volume.

"There we go. Now me." He put his hand in the center of my back and pressed me over the bar top. He held me there as his hips started to move faster. His cock slipped in and out of me even as my pussy continued to spasm from my orgasm. It had been a strong one—strong enough to make me feel boneless and heavy-bodied.

His rhythm sped up, and his hand strayed from my back to my hair. He grabbed it in his hand and held on as his hips pistoned back and forth. I slipped my hand beneath my body, found my clit and started to rub. In for a penny, in for a pound. Or in this case, in for one orgasm, in for three.

I slammed my body back to take him and growled. "Come on. Give me that dick. Give it to me. Make me forget why I'm grumpy."

He sneered, and the hair on the back of my neck stood on end. "Give it to me," I gasped as my body tightened again, another orgasm crashing through me.

He pulled free of me at the last second,

"HIS COCK SLIPPED IN AND OUT OF ME EVEN AS MY PUSSY CONTINUED TO SPASM."

and I felt the hot splash of his come on my back.

We stayed there, catching our breath, until he pulled up his jeans and went back behind the bar. He poured me another whiskey.

"On the house. Come back any time you're pissed, grumpy."

I raised my glass to him and winked. "Cheers."

–R.T., Richmond, Virginia

SISTER ACT

I'd been dating Rosemary for a couple of years. She was great—most of the time—but she has a vicious temper and could be very unpleasant. I'd been thinking about ending the relationship for a while, but I just hadn't had the gumption to pull the trigger.

She has a half-sister, Jasmine (same mother, different father). The two were constantly feuding. Circumstances led them to living in the same house, and even though it's a big house, they are always in one another's face. It's mostly Rosemary's doing, as I think she's jealous of Jasmine. She's younger, and to be perfectly honest, she's much more beautiful. Jasmine is half-Brazilian; she's tall, long and lean, with perfect legs, a heart-shaped ass and very large tits.

One fine summer day I was hanging out at their house, ready for a good fuck with Rosemary, when she got a call from a friend who was going through a breakup. Of course, she had to be there for her. She took off and left me alone—or so I thought. I was lying by the pool, soaking up the rays, when I sensed a shadow over me. It was Jasmine, and she was wearing the most ridiculously skimpy bathing suit I'd ever seen. It was a one-piece, but it was like she was wearing a sling made out of dental floss. Her nipples were barely covered, and the bottom part was a thong that clearly indicated she had a shaved pussy.

She sat down on the chair next to mine, and we started chatting. It soon became evident that Jasmine was interested in taking her revenge on her sister through me, and I was fine with it. Looking back, I guess a guy with more scruples would have had said no, but I defy any straight man reading this to put himself in my position and refuse the offer I received.

Jasmine jumped into the pool for a swim and then emerged, as wet as a seal, her suit plastered to her skin, her coal-black hair like black lava running down her back. She sat next to me once more and took a brief but amused look at the hard-on tenting my trunks.

"Do you think I'm hotter than my sister?"

I croaked out the diplomatic response, "You're both hot." But she would have none of it. She shifted her body so her nipples were now clearly visible and as hard as pebbles from the cold water.

"Come on," she said, leaning in. "I see how you look at me." She then

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planted a soul-searing French kiss on me that made me question reality. Our tongues wrestled, and she let her fingers dance down my chest to my stomach. She tugged on my swimsuit and out popped my very hard cock.

She got between my legs and started stroking my erection. I would learn over the course of the next few hours that Jasmine can't get enough of a big dick, and fortunately I was blessed with one. After priming the pump for a minute or two, she put her tongue at the base of my dick and gave it a long lick, right up to the tip. She repeated this action a few times, and then took the head into her mouth and began delivering an exquisite blowjob. She continued for about five blissful minutes before she asked, "Do you want to go to my bedroom?"

Of course I did, and I let her lead me by the cock to her room. Her swimsuit fell away as if made of gossamer, and I was dumbfounded by how great her body was—not an ounce of fat on her.

She sat me down on her bed, got on her knees and resumed playing with my cock. She stroked me while finding a spot under my balls and kneading it. That almost made me come. Then she started sucking me again, before wrapping her beautiful boobs around my shaft.

"Do you like titty-fucking me?" she asked, in a voice that could make a dead man hard. I stood up, deciding to assert myself a little, and she started bobbing her head up and down on my cock like a woodpecker. I wrapped my hand in her hair and fucked her face. I was going to come, but I didn't want to just yet, so I picked her up and put her down on her back. I parted her legs and began licking her succulent cunt.

"SHE GOT ON HER HANDS AND KNEES ON THE BED, AND I SCREWED HER DOGGY-STYLE."

"I've always imagined seeing you between my legs," she whispered. I used my tongue like a little cock and fucked her pussy with it. She was fingering her nipples and breathing hard. I edged closer to licking her asshole (a thing Rosemary would not let me do), and Jasmine signaled her approval by yelling, "Go ahead, lick my asshole." I buried my face in her asscrack, my tongue swabbing her rear hole until my patience wore out.

I had to fuck her at this point, so I lined up my prick with her wet opening and sank it inside. She gasped with surprise and pleasure, and then urged me on with cries of "fuck me harder." She also asked me repeatedly to compare her to her sister, and I happily agreed that she was much tighter and a much better fuck.

After a few minutes of pounding, I climbed up so I could fuck her mouth. Jasmine was really bringing out the animal in me. She slurped me down and played with my balls while doing so. She indicated she wanted us to fuck—and to be on top—so I rolled on to the bed on my back. She faced the other way for a reverse cowgirl and urged me to smack her ass as she rode my cock.

Somehow we managed to turn her around so she was facing me, with her boobs dangling in front of my face as she slammed her pussy onto my cock. I caught a view of us in her mirror, and we looked so hot I was again ready to come, and I told her so.

"Not yet," she whispered hotly before disengaging herself to once again suck my cock until I told her I had to fuck her some more. She got on her hands and knees on the bed, and I screwed her doggy-style. Jasmine was simply insatiable! I knew how she felt. I couldn't get enough of her pussy wrapped around my cock, and I gave her every inch I had. Jasmine kept talking about her sister, which I supposed should have started to weird me out, but I wasn't concentrating on that—just on how hot, wet, and tight her pussy was.

I told her I was ready to come and pulled out. She whipped around and said, "You want to come on my face?" Boy, did I! I pumped my cock a few times, and what seemed like a gallon of jism poured out, like someone opening a fire hydrant on a hot summer day.

Jasmine was drenched with goo but scooped it up with her fingers, which she proceeded to lick clean.

"So, am I hotter than my sister?" she asked.

"There's no comparison," I answered honestly.

She took me into the shower, and we rinsed each other off. I got hard again, so she performed the most amazing handjob I've ever had. Her hands were all soapy, and she used both of them, pulling upward on my cock, but not stroking down. I was ready to collapse; it felt too good. Then she rotated each hand in the opposite direction while continuing to stroke me. My knees gave out, and I had to sit down in the tub, the shower spray coming down on me. She laughed and knelt in front of me to finish me off. I had just come ten minutes earlier but again a fountain of semen billowed forth. I lay in the spray like a dead man in the rain.

I pulled myself back together, kissed Jasmine and went back to the pool, awaiting Rosemary's return. She came back, none the wiser. But it occurred to me that Jasmine's revenge wouldn't be complete unless Rosemary knew. I wondered when and how it would happen, and a few days later Rosemary emailed me a video. I opened it up and watched Jasmine and I fucking. Another email followed, telling me in no uncertain terms that we were through. As an added bit of revenge, she broke the headlight on my pickup truck.

I figured no great loss and called Jasmine. She refused to take my calls, and I haven't heard from her since. I got used, friends. But you know what? I don't regret a single moment of it, not even the cost of a new headlight.

–D.W., Sacramento, California

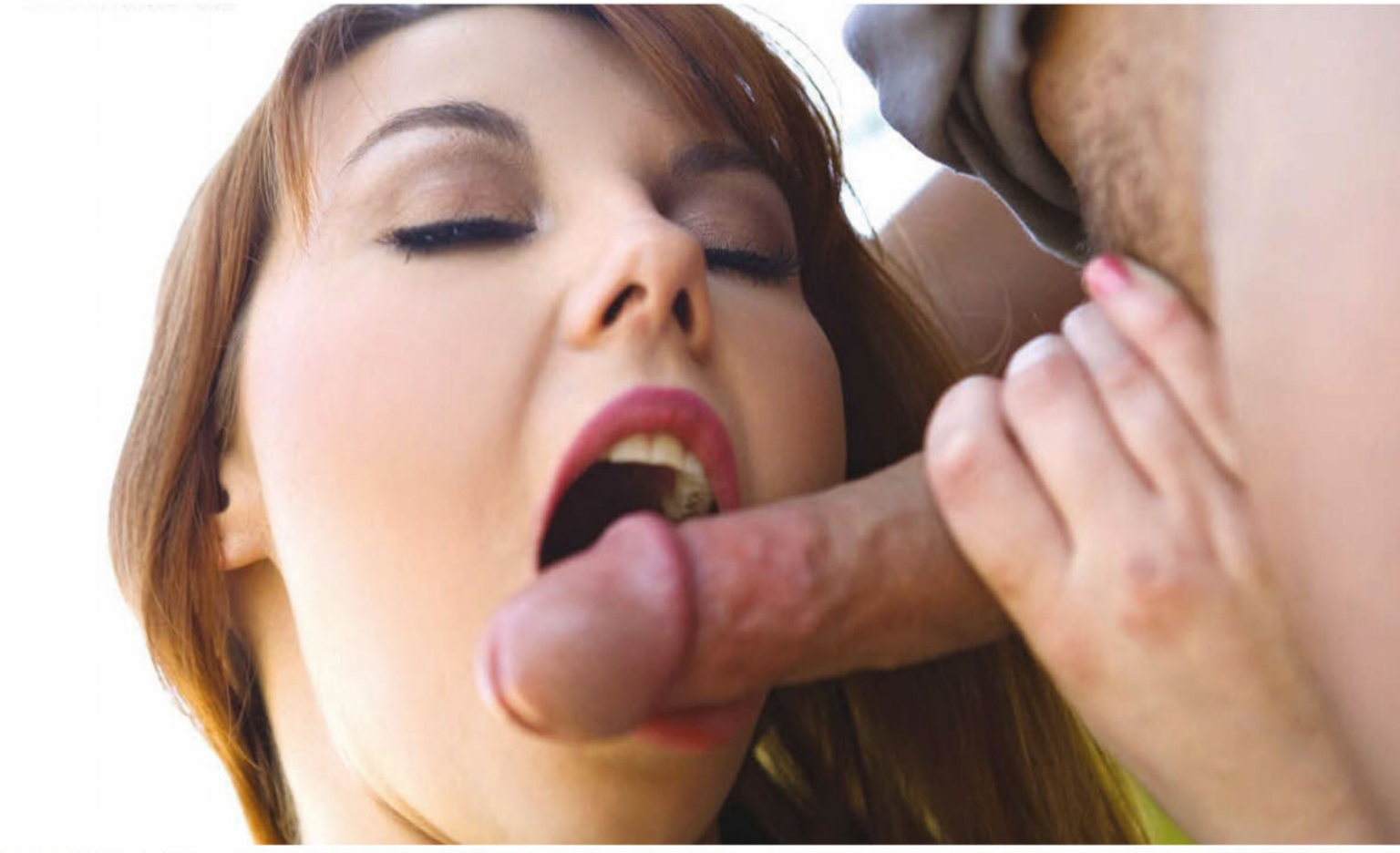
The encounter you've always dreamed about could happen anytime. When it does, jump on it! And after you've jumped, tell us about it! Mail your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department S, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

COCKED & LOADED

DELILA IS CERTAINLY AN ARRESTING OFFICER,
AND DALE'S HER PRISONER OF LUST.

"I'M ONE COP WHO'LL MAKE SURE HE ALWAYS GETS OFF!"

—DELILA



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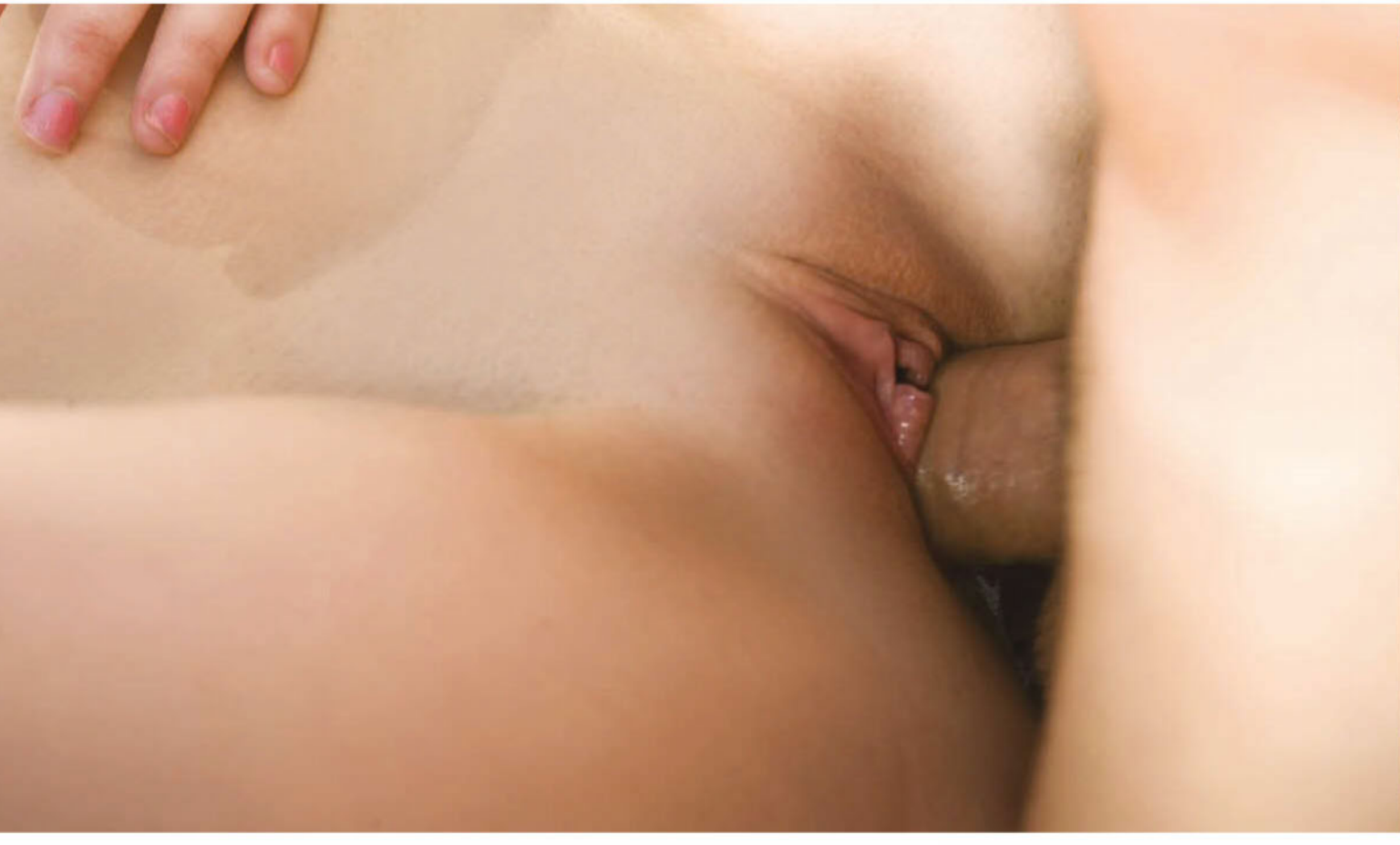

TOP 10

WITH NICOLE ANISTON

TOP 10 FOODS TO FEED YOUR DESIRE

10. Avocados are a great source of vitamin E, which helps your body produce more sex hormones.

9. Bananas are packed with potassium, which is important for building muscles.

8. Chocolate contains phenethylamine, which causes the release of feel-good endorphins.

7. The capsaicin in chili peppers can give your circulation a boost.

6. Oysters are high in zinc, which kicks testosterone production into high gear.

5. Pomegranates are full of antioxidants, which help protect blood vessels—and may lead to greater sensitivity.

4. If you'd rather sip your antioxidants, choose red wine for a dose of resveratrol.

3. Omega-3 fatty acids can aid sex-hormone production. Find them in walnuts and salmon.

2. Vanilla has been shown to stimulate nerves, which may increase sensations.

1. Honey contains boron, a mineral which may help regulate hormone levels.

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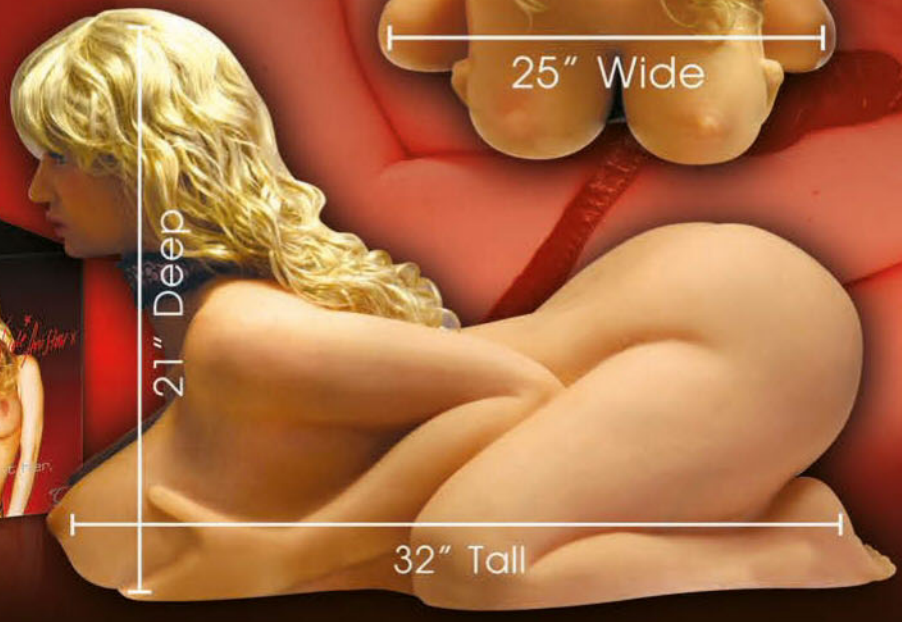

Nicole Aniston x

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#GetTheGirl

BLUSHING BEAUTIES—SPANKED SUBMISSIVES ON THE HOT SEAT!

PENTHOUSE VARIATIONS

AUGUST 2017

TICKLING

BIRDS OF A FEATHER

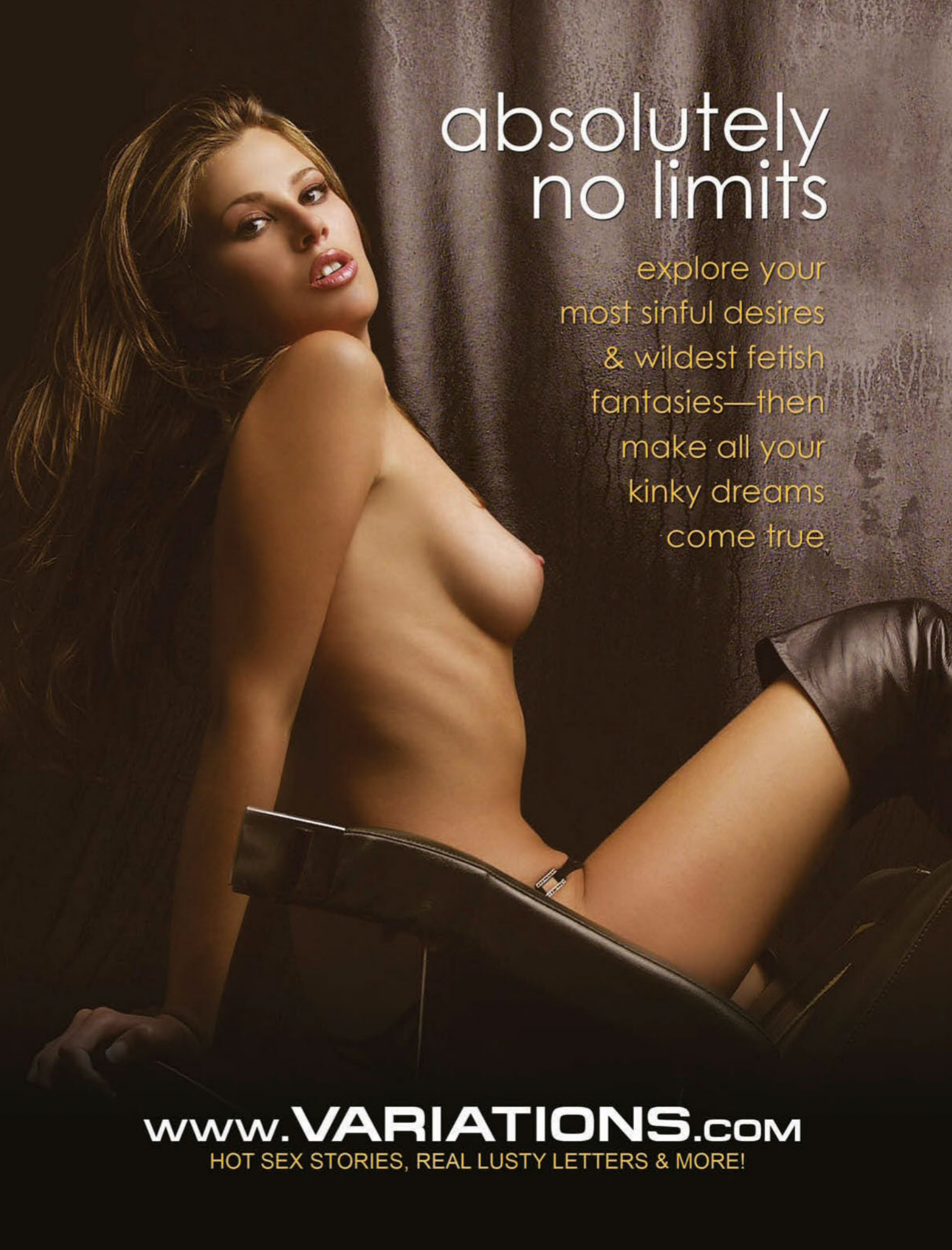
LUSTFUL LAUGHTER FOR ONE KINKY PAIR

WIDE WORLD

TWO-MAN JOB

HUNKY HANDYMEN FIX HER UP RIGHT

TWISTED TRYSTS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PENTHOUSE VARIATIONS

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VARIATIONS

EDITORS' NOTE

The hottest the better—wouldn't you agree? And August is sizzling at *Penthouse Variations*.

Spanking fans turn up the heat as they reveal their most sensual over-the-knee confessions in a collection of lusty letters from tops and bottoms. James Staples' "Birds of a Feather" will make you laugh as he recalls how he discovered his girlfriend's surprising fetish for being tickled. And Rebecca Conley is the mastermind behind a torrid three-way adventure featuring a heavy dose of kink—with a little extra twist.

Wide World of Variations adds to fun by exploring foot fetishism between a playful pair, a cross-dressing story with a happy ending and a woman who gets what she needs—while also showing her husband a good time.

Have you had a sexy adventure so good it deserves to be shared? Tell us about it! Send your story to letters@penthouse.com, and you may see it in the pages of this magazine!

–The Editors

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THE HOT SEAT

"What does this do?" Grace asked, pointing to the round button on her side of the car's console. There was an icon of a seat that showed a series of three waves flickering across the front. It was one of those internationally recognized symbols, I supposed, suitable for any language. Except a seat with waves wasn't as immediately decipherable as the icon for the windshield wipers or the headlights.

"What do you think it does?" I was genuinely curious to learn if she could guess. She wrinkled her brow as she looked at the control, then back at me. "Sends you to a tropical island?" she teased.

I tugged on her ponytail. "Wouldn't that be nice? Especially on a day like this." For summer, we were experiencing an unexpected cold snap, a preview of what fall was going to be like.

"Maybe the waves mean you can toast your bread on your seat."

"How would that be useful?" I asked. I made a left at the light. We were almost to my place.

"Does it heat the seat?" she finally asked.

"Bingo."

"You have a button in your car that warms your seat? Isn't that, I don't know…sort of fancy?"

I shrugged as I pulled into the driveway. "You prefer the old-fashioned way of doing things?" I asked. "Roll up your windows manually with a crank. Stairs instead of elevators." I paused for emphasis, very interested in how she'd respond to the next thing I said. "Get hot buns from a spanking instead of a push of a button."

There was silence. I felt the heat between us building. I wanted to add a little kinky kindling to that fire.

"Something like that," she uttered. I noted that her voice had dropped to a husky sort of whisper. There was a definite electric current in the air. If we'd been given our own international symbol, there would have been quivering waves of lust flowing between the two of us.

"I'm happy to hear you say that," I replied before walking around the car and opening the door for her. I had been hoping we'd take our relationship around this curve. She had provided me with the perfect gambit. All I had to do was take the wheel.

Inside my apartment, I rolled up my sleeves. "The old-fashioned way is often the best way," I said nostalgically.

"I RUBBED HER CLIT UNTIL SHE CLIMAXED LOUDLY, HER WHOLE BODY TREMBLING."

"You think so?" She shifted slightly from one foot to the other, as if antsy to get things started. There was a look on her face of trepidation mixed with erotic curiosity. It was a look I appreciated.

"Absolutely. Let me show you what I mean." With that, I took her into my bedroom and had her undress. We'd been out together several times over the past few months. We'd had sex the weekend before, nice sweet sex in her bedroom with the lights on dim and jazz playing softly in the background. But I had been dying to spank her firm ass, and suddenly she appeared to be open to the concept.

"See," I said, "I could have pushed that button in my car and warmed your seat in moments. Instead, we'll try this." I sat on the bed and bent her over my lap. She sighed deliciously. I spanked her ass once. She jumped and then relaxed. "With an automated seat-warmer," I continued, "you don't have the same kind of intuitive precision. The car raises the temperature of the seat to a certain degree that you set ahead of time—that's it. But a spanking, a good, old-fashioned spanking, allows for more nuance." I let my hand smack her other ass cheek. She didn't jump this time. Instead, she ground her pussy against my knee. I smiled, but she couldn't see my expression, of course. Not in her current position: head down, eyes staring at the floor.

"I mean, I think there is a subtlety to heating the seat correctly. You don't want to go too fast, to turn the temperature up too high."

I began spanking her at a steady pace—right cheek, left cheek, right cheek. She responded to each blow with a burst of pressure—jamming her pussy against my knee every time. We were working in tandem, both of us after the same reward. Her ass took on a deep, rosy glow. Not only that, her skin was growing hot to the touch. That is one of my favorite parts about delivering a spanking with my hand rather than a paddle. Skin-to-skin has its own special intimacy.

"If you want me to stop," I said, "say the word 'red.'" Then I concentrated on the delivery of the spanking, pausing our discussion to rain a series of smacks against her pert butt cheeks.

She was the one to speak next, not to tell me to stop or to go easier on her or any of the other interjections she could have made.

She said, "I'm going to come if you keep doing that."

"Then let me press your button instead." Reaching between her legs, I rubbed her clit until she climaxed loudly, her whole body trembling so much that I let her slide from my lap to the floor as if made of molten metal. What a

difference this was from our previous lovemaking round. She had come that time but quietly. Almost casually. This climax was astounding, and when she faced me, her eyes were lit up and her face had an ethereal glow.

"So *that's* your method of seat-warming," she said, breathless.

I nodded.

"What else do you do the old-fashioned way?"

I stood and started to undress. "I thought you'd never ask."

–B.S., Milwaukee, Wisconsin

IN THE MIDST

When I'm in the middle of getting a spanking, nothing else matters. I don't think about what I'm making for dinner, or whether the clothes need to be transferred from the washing machine to the dryer. I don't care about what's on television or any of the other random concerns that might normally flicker through my mind.

All that matters is the spanking.

The last time Leslie spanked my ass, I thought only of my bare bottom and my girlfriend's palm. Her hands appear delicate. Her gestures are elegant and refined. However, all of that changes when she delivers a spanking. Then her hand becomes an implement of pain–and pleasure. There is nothing delicate or refined about it. She's a machine in motion, and the goal is to punish my ass.

But sometimes, like our previous session, she chooses to use something other than her hand to up the intensity and make my pussy hum.

That night, without warning, I heard the whisper of wood as a paddle whistled through the air. I cried out as the toy made contact with my already stinging ass cheeks. Oh, that hurt. But it hurt so perfectly, so sublimely, and the pain dissolved into an immediate form of bliss.

"You love being spanked, don't you?" Leslie crooned.

"Yes," I managed to respond, my voice shaky with lust.

After she spanked me several times with the harsh paddle, she started to rub my cunt firmly. Her fingertips made tight, firm rotations up and over my clit. I felt as if I might burst. The ecstasy was instantaneous and delicious and threatened to overtake me. My orgasm was so close, hovering just beyond my reach. I was nearly panting with desperation. Then her hand stilled. I whimpered helplessly.

"How about ten more spanks, and then I'll let you come?" she suggested sweetly, as if I wasn't a sweating, panting mess of desire.

I nodded dumbly and shut my eyes. She set the paddle on my cheeks. The wood was cool against my burning ass. I sucked in my breath. The two of us were both waiting. I was waiting for her to start, and she was waiting for something else before she proceeded with the punishment session.

Only when I exhaled and relaxed did she bring the paddle back and smack me once more. Rather than have me count the blows, she ticked them off herself. "One!" she cried out. A second smack followed the first. "Two!"

I didn't mind not having to keep track. Instead, I could float away on my feelings. My ass felt as if it were on fire. She alternated spanking the right cheek, then the left, then hitting the sweet spot in the middle. I held myself as still as possible. Leslie sometimes will start over from the beginning if I don't behave the way she demands.

When she reached "five," she paused to give me a little preview of pleasure. She set down the paddle and stroked my swollen pussy lips. I whimpered at the way that felt, the reward of being pampered after being punished.

Then off she went with spank number six. I was also counting in my head, but when she reached what I thought was the last blow, she said, "And one more because you've been extra naughty." She made that last spank really count.

I would remember that one.

Quickly, she shoved me off her lap and onto the mattress on my stomach. I didn't know how she'd want me, so I waited for her instruction. There was none. There was only my blonde-haired girlfriend, pushing herself between my thighs, licking my pussy and then kissing my hot ass cheeks, moving

VARIATIONS

↘ SPANKING

back and forth until I was diving into the ocean of an orgasm that had been building all evening. It was the perfect end to a red-hot night.

–V.R., Miami, Florida

WHAT HE NEEDS

I knew Ron needed a spanking when he came home from work with that look on his face. The expression was easy for me to translate. Everything about him read: *What a fucking day!* I saw it in the sag of his shoulders, in the halfhearted way he tossed his jacket on the chair.

I took over immediately and said, "Meet me in the bedroom."

Ron knew what my tone meant. He looked at me, his green eyes burning, and said, "Honey."

I repeated myself–and that was going to cost him. "Honey" wouldn't save him. That puppy-dog expression wouldn't melt my resolve. We had a moment of staring into each other's eyes. I didn't look down. He did. His black hair fell forward over his forehead, and he brushed it back in place nervously. There was grease under his nails. I thought of him at work, making complex machinery obey his every demand. How funny that I–petite pixie that I am–can make him obey mine.

"Bedroom," I insisted.

He moved fast after that. I heard his footsteps in the hall, not quite running, but close. Spankings at our house are serious sexual activities. I knew his cock would already be hard by the time I opened the door. I knew a lot of things.

Ron was in his boxers when I joined him. He had taken off his shoes, his socks, his slacks and his shirt with the name of his garage on the back. The clothes were now neatly folded on the chair by the dresser. His hard-on was obvious.

Other women might have listened sympathetically to the story of his day. Other wives might have cooed and calmed, soothed tired muscles with well-placed strokes of their fingers.

I am not other wives.

I had a paddle in my hand quickly, and then I bent Ron over the edge of our bed and pressed the edge of the paddle to the seat of his undershorts. I wanted him to think about what the paddle would feel like when it met his ass. I wanted him to have a few seconds to fantasize–to worry, hope and dream.

He wasn't going to spoil my evening by griping about work woes. He was going to take his spanking like a man, and then he was going to fuck me with what I knew was a throbbing beast of an erection.

"You need this, don't you?" I asked after landing the first blow.

"Yes," he replied with a beautiful urgency in his voice.

I paddled him fiercely through the boxers. He didn't move or say a word, but I saw the muscles in his back tighten. I knew when I'd landed a stinging blow, but Ron has a high tolerance for pain. Being spanked through his boxers wasn't going to be enough for him. Yet I wanted to take my time and make our encounter last.

I delivered a few more swats before I told him to take down his shorts. His hands worked quickly, and soon his boxers were bunched around his knees. *Pretty boy*, I thought. His bum was blushing pink for me–because of me.

The paddle met his ass once more with a powerful clapping sound, since there was no fabric to dull the noise–or the sting. Each smack of the wood against his ass turned my own internal furnace up a notch. I could feel how wet my pussy was getting.

Whatever had been on Ron's mind when he'd walked through the door was no longer of consequence. He was paying attention to his ass and my paddle, and that's all that mattered. I really let the wood fly, relishing the whisper the tool made in the air before it connected with his bare behind.

He was breathing hard before I finished. Then I had him sit in front of me while I raised my skirt to my waist.

"Did you enjoy your spanking?" I asked him.

His face blushed as red as his rear cheeks.

"Show me," I insisted. "Show me how grateful you are that I take care of you." I edged myself closer to him. He gave me one look of complete adoration before sliding my panties to the left and pressing his face hard against my split.

Then his tongue was working magical circles up and around my clit, and I was stroking his soft hair and telling him how good he was, how well he'd behaved for me. But I wasn't done with him. I would let him lick me to my first orgasm before our session continued.

After all, the weekend was only beginning.

–C.R., Denver, Colorado

BOILING POINT

My best friend, Eleanor, had set me up on a blind date with one of her coworkers. "I'd date him myself," she told me, "but our office has a strict policy against office romance."

"What's he like?" I wanted to know.

She started to describe him physically–blue eyes, black hair, athletic build. But I didn't care about that as much as his personality. I'd dated a whole slew of attractive guys who were looking only for arm candy. I craved substance. Someone I could talk to, tell my fantasies to…

"You'll like him," she promised. "He's your type."

"What type is that?" I asked.

"The spanking type," she said without hesitation, a smirk forming on her lips.

During a confessional cocktail hour, I'd once told her I loved to be spanked. I'd had one margarita too many, and I'd crooned that the handsome bartender could spank me anytime. Eleanor had been intrigued. "Spank?" she'd asked. "Not fuck."

"Both," I said. "One first, followed by the other."

Apparently, she'd figured out Jake was into the same thing, so when he became single, she'd put my number in his hands.

We simply had to see if we were compatible. I found myself jittery with nerves when he walked into the café for our date. He found me immediately and introduced himself. His handshake was firm, his gaze was strong.

"Ruby."

"My favorite color."

Instant. Sparks. Warm desire spread through me. What had she said about him? That he was strict. No, that was the office policy. The strict part. But he exuded a certain stern personality. His hair was combed back, slick and straight. His gaze moved over me, hard and fast. He was undressing me without his hands, without his words. I felt as if I was completely naked in his presence.

"Here, let's sit," he said jovially.

I was going to have to get control of myself. I'd never felt such an instantaneous attraction to another person before. His eyes–fuck me–his eyes were so piercing, so probing. She'd said "blue," but she hadn't fully described their power. When he told me he'd been looking forward to our date, I babbled back that I had, too. Babbled. Truly, like a brook. My words flowing freely. I shook my head and tried to regain some sense of decorum. We were in public, and I was ready to fold myself over his lap, lift my skirt, ask him to…

"Drink?" he said. It took me a minute to realize he was offering me a beverage. The waiter was standing beside our table. I must have looked lost. Jake said, "We'll need a minute to decide," and off the waiter went.

Feeling impatient and reckless, I dove right in and said, "Eleanor told me you were my type."

He nodded and then responded, "She told me the same thing about you."

"So do we really need to do this?" I waved my hand back and forth. Why waste time with small talk when we were both eager to get to the main event.

"HE ANSWERED MY SILENT PLEA, JAMMING HIS COCK INSIDE MY HOT CUNT."

VARIATIONS

↘ SPANKING

"MY CLIMAX HIT ME HARD, MAKING ME CRY OUT. MY ORGASMIC SONG INSPIRED HIM."

He shook his head. "I don't if you don't."

And that's how we ended up back at his place, with me over his knees and him stroking my ass through my skirt.

"Eleanor said you like being spanked."

I hummed a dreamy-sounding reply, and then we were off. He spanked me with finesse, asking me questions, and then punctuating my responses with smacks of his hand against my ass.

"Do you usually let men spank you on the first date?" he asked, punctuating each word with a spank.

I shook my head. He didn't like that.

"When I ask you a question, I expect to hear a response."

I should have guessed as much.

"No," I answered. "Not usually."

"Just every so often."

"Actually, this is a first for me."

"What makes me so special?"

I was incredibly relieved not to be looking directly at him as I said, "Your eyes."

"My eyes?"

"Your eyes told me what it would feel like to have you spank me."

He continued punishing me then. I guessed I'd given the right answer, or *a* right answer. But then I had to ask him a question of my own. "Do you usually spank girls on a first date?"

"This is a first for me, too."

"What makes me so special?" I asked.

"The way you looked at me with that yearning written all over your face." He briefly stilled his hand and added, "I'll learn how much you like, how hard you can take it. But for now, you tell me when you're at the boiling point."

He proceeded to heat my ass seriously, warming both cheeks and smacking the backs of my thighs. When I was primed, I told him so.

"Fuck me," I begged him. "Fuck me now!"

He'd punished me to perfection—and he fucked me just as good. Helping me stand, he then positioned me on the couch. I knelt on the cushions, clutching the furniture and thrusting my smarting ass back at him to encourage him to slam into me. He answered my silent plea, jamming his cock inside my hot cunt and fucking me madly. Each time he thrust into me, the slap of his pelvis against my well-spanked rear reawakened the burn and made my pussy drip. Those sensations, coupled with my hand sneaking down to rub my clit, had me coming in no time.

My climax hit me fast and hard, making me cry out rapturously. My orgasmic song inspired him to pound me harder. Through my happy haze, I could hear his labored breathing and felt the erratic jerks of his body as he plundered my pussy. My spasming cunt milked the cream right out of him, and with a groan, he emptied into me and collapsed against my sweaty back.

Without a doubt, it was my best blind date ever!

–R.D., Hollywood, California

Enjoy a little slap with your tickle? Whether you prefer the top or bottom, we bet you have a red-hot story to tell—and we want to hear it! Send your letter to *Penthouse Variations*, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

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HOME THEATER

MARTINA AND ZENA'S PARLOR GAMES MAKE A MEMORABLE MOVIE.

"WHEN I WATCH THIS LATER, I'LL GET TURNED ON ALL OVER AGAIN!"

—ZENA

BIRDS OF A FEATHER

A big dustup turns into an undeniably erotic encounter for an adventurous couple.

By James Staples

Pink always makes me think of Lia. When I pass a flower shop filled with pink blossoms, I immediately envision my girlfriend's glossy lips curved into a smile. If a stranger wanders past me in a pink skirt, I flash back to Lia wearing her favorite hue. She's as vibrant as the color herself, with a bright personality and a perpetually upbeat attitude.

The fact that she's a painter who is obsessed with the color only enhances the connection for me. Our front door is painted a dark, glossy rose. Lia drives a fuchsia convertible. The polished stones lining our home's walkway match the pale petals of the garden's flowers. Lia's signature color is everywhere.

But one day it was part of a most unusual scene.

I came home earlier than usual one evening and caught my girl, well, pink-handed.

We locked eyes, and she froze, her cheeks flushed like a candy-colored sunset. She was reclined on the sofa with her legs spread wide, having a little one-on-one time with a pink feather duster.

I burst out laughing. Maybe that was a little insensitive. There she was in her altogether, as exposed to me as she possibly could be. But I couldn't help myself. I was so surprised by what I saw. I've arrived home and found Lia baking in the kitchen, naked except for an apron. I've spied her topless sunbathing on our tiny balcony, and I've even surprised her watching a dirty movie on the TV.

This was different. This was Lia without a stitch of clothes on, a bright pink feather duster in one hand, her breath coming fast, her midnight-black curls spiraling around her heart-shaped face.

"James," she whispered. What else could she say? I was feeling a little dirty, so I decided to dust?

"What are you doing?" I asked, when she stammered into silence. Although it was obvious, I had to give her a chance to explain herself. Maybe she had a plausible explanation as to why she was using the feathers on her most intimate areas. If she did have an explanation, I wanted to hear it!

"SHE CRIED OUT, HER WHOLE BODY TIGHTENING, AND THEN I WATCHED AS SHE RELAXED."

"I was…" she started.

"Dusting yourself," I interrupted, unable to bite my tongue.

"Here's the thing…" She put down the duster. Then she looked around for her clothes. I saw them. She'd apparently been in quite the hurry. Her lacy bra was dangling from the lampshade. The matching panties were on the ottoman. Her floral sundress was a few feet away from where I stood.

"The thing," I repeated, and I couldn't keep the smile off my face. There really was no way for her to come up with an excuse other than the fact that she'd been using a duster to play with her pussy. Her beautiful, perfectly shaved pussy. A pussy I love to play with, to lick and touch and stroke. She sat up straight and nodded as if she was preparing herself to make a bold statement. She sucked in her breath, met my eyes directly and said, "I like being…"

"Dusted," I interrupted.

"Tickled!" she said emphatically. That was the Lia I was used to. Bold and forthcoming, never backing down. An unstoppable force of electricity and energy. And yet, I had not known this. I moved to her side of the sofa and sat down right next to her.

"Tickled," I murmured. "Like… tickled?" I ran my fingertips under her arms. She shivered. I repeated the motion with a little more force. She giggled. I felt my dick twitch.

"Really tickled," she said emphatically as she handed me the duster. There was a type of trust in this gesture that tugged at me. She was revealing something clearly important to her. At the same time, this was the most unusual occurrence I'd come across in our relationship thus far. Even though it was an ordinary feather duster, the type you can purchase at any five-and-dime, the item was obviously a treasure to Lia. I'd noticed the duster in our bedroom before—although I'd never actually seen Lia dust until today. And hadn't I found those feathers in the den once or twice?

I took the duster and moved so I could trail the feathers along the bottoms of her feet—first her right, then her left. She held herself entirely still. I ran the soft feathers over her pedicured toes. She trilled like a songbird. As I used the duster on the backs of her knees, I tried to imagine what the sensation felt like. I am not a fan of being tickled. Not that I dissolve

into laughter or cry out, but the concept never made my dick hard.

But tickling Lia *did* make my dick hard. So what did that mean? That while I knew I didn't want to be on the receiving end of the feathers, I was definitely enjoying tickling my gorgeous Lia and witnessing her transformation from bold girlfriend to giggly mess. She became a flailing creature who could not hold still. I dusted her ribs. She squirmed and thrashed. I sat back and waited. She pulled herself together. Then I brought the duster up and over her shaved mound, and she was impossible after that. She jerked about so forcefully, two of the sofa cushions fell to the floor. Her breathing was punctuated by bursts of laughter.

"If you want me to do this," I said, "you have to behave."

She attempted to calm herself. That's when I touched her pussy. The wetness pooling there let me know how much she appreciated our activity. She was drenched. I couldn't remember her ever being this turned on during foreplay before. I resumed tickling her with the duster. She reached up and held on to the back of the sofa, gripping the edge tight enough that her knuckles went white.

"How do I know when you've had enough?"

"I'll come," she said.

"For real?"

She nodded.

I didn't ask for permission to continue. The fact that she had her legs spread wide like that, the way that her eyes were begging me, let me know that she wanted this. I continued to tickle her with the feathers and my fingers, alternating between the two sensations. I imagined that, for her, being tickled by someone else was quite different from attempting to tickle herself. She was giving herself over to me. She was not only inviting me into her private fantasies, she was putting me in charge. I would not let her down. I could feel her watching my every move with alert interest.

At first, I dusted her harder and tickled her lightly with my fingers. She whimpered. I used the pink feathers on the insides of her thighs while I flicked her swollen clit with my thumb. She bit her lip. I went wild with the duster, running it erratically up and down her taut body, then finishing with a flourish over her pussy. She came like I'd never seen before. Her curls were bouncing this way and that. She cried out my name, her whole body tightening, and then I watched as she relaxed and released.

There was silence for a moment, but the room felt lit with pink.

I finally asked, "How long has this tickling thing been going on?"

"You make it sound like I've been cheating on you with the duster," she said when she could speak once more.

"Well…"

"I'm not jealous of your hand," she said. I gave her a sharp look. "I know you jerk off," she continued. "I do, too. It's just that I use the duster, and you use your fist. Right?"

She had me there.

"Tell me more," I said, and I started up again with the pink plaything, running the tips along her torso in a lazy back and forth. "Tell me what you like."

She couldn't. She couldn't speak at all while I was tickling her. I figured that out as she twisted and turned on the sofa, panting and laughing, giggling and begging. I stopped once more. When she could speak again, she continued. "This is my favorite fantasy," she told me. "It's what I think about whenever I masturbate, and then sometimes I take things a little beyond that…with the duster."

"Let's move this to the bedroom then," I suggested with delight. Lia scampered to her feet and sprinted ahead of me. I wondered what she was doing, but as soon as I arrived in our doorway, I understood. Had I thought I'd noticed this one feather duster in multiple locations around the house? My mistake. Lia owned a whole slew of them. Her collection was on display, dusters in different sizes and colors which she revealed she'd had hidden under the sweaters in her top dresser drawer.

I assessed the situation for a moment. I picked up two dusters–purple and blue–one for each hand. If we were going to do this, we were going to do this right.

"Lie down," I ordered, "and hold your hands together over your head."

Lia did what I said. Her eyes were focused intently on the dusters, and her body was a tight line of anticipation. I started slowly and cautiously. I wasn't sure how this was going to proceed. I ran the dusters along the soles of her feet. She kicked her legs at first, but then settled back down. She seemed to be doing everything she could to stay still. I, on the other hand, decided to do everything I could to make her flail.

I ran the dusters up the insides of her

legs. She barked laughter but didn't move, a look of steely resolve filling her eyes. This was game on. If the goal was to make her laugh, then squirm, then come, I was definitely down with that.

I let one duster brush over her pussy while the other worked her breasts. Her nipples grew fully erect in seconds. She seemed to be swallowing her laughter, although every once in a while, a giggle would escape from between her lips. I decided to use both dusters on her pussy simultaneously. She raised her hips and spread her legs wide apart. I worried for a second that the feathers would grow wet and matted, but then I glanced back at the massive pile of dusters and realized I didn't have to be concerned. We had plenty of backups.

I tickled her more and more forcefully, taking breaks to gently tease her feet and underarms, before returning with more seriousness to her pussy. When she climaxed again, she came even harder than she had the first time. She was laughing and crying, begging and bucking. I let her ride out her orgasm while I stripped off my clothes. We weren't done yet. Not by a long shot. But I needed a little relief of my own.

"On your hands and knees," I insisted. Lia rolled over and assumed the position. I grabbed two fresh dusters—both pink. Then I started to fuck my lady doggy-style. Her pussy was wetter than I could ever remember it being. Tickling had done this to her. I was shocked but elated at the same time. We'd been together for two years, and I'd never known about her kink. Learning this seductive fact definitely turned my arousal on high.

After slamming into her several times, I started up with the dusters once more. I flicked the feathers from the nape of her neck all the way down her spine. She said, "Oh, fuck. Oh my God." I used one duster on her clit and danced the other over her ass cheeks. Her inner muscles clenched down on my cock powerfully. Now, I was the one to groan and buck. Lia was saying something to me, something under her breath. I could hardly make out the words until she forcefully repeated them.

"It's your turn."

She looked over her shoulder at me and winked. My dick throbbed. Did I actually want to be tickled? I couldn't decide. Even that was something new. I'd gone from never even considering tickling at all, to actually letting myself imagine what it would be like to…

Lia was suddenly climaxing again. Being dick deep inside her, Lia's orgasm sent me reeling. Her cunt muscles gripped and released my cock at such a rapid pace that I rocketed off inside her in seconds. I was left shaken by the intensity of our mutual release. I pulled out of her pussy and rolled over, staring up at the ceiling with Lia at my side.

"SHE CAME EVEN HARDER. SHE WAS LAUGHING AND CRYING, BEGGING AND BUCKING."

"Don't you want to know?" she whispered. "Aren't you the slightest bit curious about what it's like?" She was poised over my body, trailing little kisses from my collarbone down my chest. I was as still as stone. Lia kept kissing me until she had her lips a sliver away from my cock. Then she surprised me by shaking her head and causing her long curls to gently tickle my dick. My eyes snapped opened wide. All of my senses were suddenly on high alert.

"What do you think?" she asked, carefully wrapping a tendril of hair around two fingers, then dragging the curl slowly along my shaft. I'd never felt anything like that. The experience was shattering somehow, as if I were on the edge of a deep chasm of pleasure. I knew I might very well come if she kept touching me like that.

But she didn't wait to hear my response before jumping into action. She snatched one of the feather dusters. I pushed up on my elbows and said, "Hey, wait…" and that's when she ran the duster down my body to my groin. I groaned.

"You're tough," she said, "such a tough guy. Worried about a pink feather duster doing you in?" She was taunting me.

"I can handle the duster," I assured her, although I had my doubts.

"Let's see."

I liked where we were headed but steeled myself for the feathers. She kept almost absentmindedly flicking me with that ferocious duster. Yes, it was ferocious. Her lazily delivered but well-practiced tickling was nearly devistating. Never had I been so consumed by something fluffy and pink before. My eyes were focused on those feathers as Lia lifted them up and down. What is she doing now? Not touching me! That was almost worse than when she was touching me. The anticipation—which I had observed within her—was worse than actually being tickled! And "worse" was such a strange way to describe an experience that I now found myself looking forward to with a mixture of trepidation and desire.

"Let's see who lasts longer without coming. We'll take turns."

She was already dusting my dick.

"Stop that! You're cheating. I wasn't ready." But truly, I didn't really want her to stop. I loved the way those feathers felt. I finally understood the desire to be tickled, and as I got lost in the sensations…she stopped. How

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could she stop when I was so close to climaxing?

"If you can last for a minute without coming, then you tickle me for a minute. Then I will do you for two minutes—and on and on we go. We'll see how far we get. Who lasts the longest."

I nodded excitedly, laced my fingers together over my head and waited for her to proceed. The minx did not start with my cock this time. She used the feathers under my arms. I collapsed in seconds, begging for mercy. She smirked at me as I made room for her and she took my spot on the bed.

"You didn't last ten seconds," she said. "I can beat that."

Wow. That hadn't gone the way I'd expected at all. I picked up two feather dusters, gave her a determined look, and then went at her with gusto. I tickled her tits and her armpits, the insides of her thighs, the bottoms of her feet. She kept her lips sealed. She shook, but she didn't fold. I'd forgotten I was up against a pro.

Intent on breaking her, I dropped the feathers and used the tips of my fingers. That got me a response. Every so often, I'd whisk her with the duster, but mostly I concentrated on tickling her with my fingertips. When I reached her ribs, she cried out for me to stop.

I took my position on the mattress, excited to see how far I'd get during the second round.

She didn't tickle me. Instead, she let the feather dusters hover over various portions of my body—as if she were going to tickle me—but never quite making contact. Wracked by anticipation, I realized at some point that I was holding my breath. My desire to feel the feathers was growing brighter by the second. When she finally—oh, sweet lord, finally—stroked my cock with the dusters, I didn't just sigh with relief, I came.

My explosion shocked both of us. I released a geyser of semen, destroying one of the dusters and coating my beautiful lady's laughing face.

"I win!" she cried gleefully. She seemed extremely pleased with herself. Not only had she won our game, she'd transformed me into a tickle fiend and I was already looking forward to more.

I grabbed a pair of dusters and proposed, "Best out of three?"

Lia grinned and stretched out invitingly across the mattress.

I knew at that moment we had only just begun. We had many years ahead of us, filled with love—and laughter.

NAKED DESIRES

A trio of kinky coworkers creates their own happy ending.

By Rebecca Conley

"This wasn't just your average threesome," the woman in line in front of me was saying to her friend.

"What do you mean? What's an average threesome?" Thank goodness her friend asked that question because it was exactly what I was thinking! Up until that moment, I'd been daydreaming to pass the time. But this conversation immediately captivated my attention.

I took in the two women in front of me with more interest than I had thus far. The first was a ripe-looking redhead in a peach sundress with a matching purse. She asked her friend, who was a severe-looking brunette, "Well, what do you imagine when you think ménage?"

I pondered the query myself. When I thought ménage–which, if truth be told, I often did–I immediately thought about Ivan and Robert, two of my coworkers, who turned me on in exquisite but decidedly different ways. Robert had a swimmer's build, lean and lanky, and thick blond hair he wore close-cropped. He looked like a male model in his impeccably tailored suits, and he was always well presented, shoes polished, tie in place. That's what you need for a successful ad man–someone who exudes confidence.

Then there was Ivan, head of the art department, more and more tousled every time I saw him. Didn't matter if he'd just been to the barber, he always looked as if he needed a trim. Sometimes he forgot where he left his jacket. Once I saw the thing rumpled up under his desk, as if he might have used it as a pillow for a quick nap. He wore his shirtsleeves folded to the elbows, and I didn't think he owned a tie. Yet, there was a dangerous erotic energy emanating from him that made me think I could sidle up to him and whisper any dark desire and he'd do his best to fulfill my every last fantasy.

When I thought "ménage," I imagined the two of them passing me back and forth between them, or even tying me down while they took turns fucking me. Robert would be more dominant, I thought, and Ivan would assist. I could easily picture Robert taking charge, positioning the two of us the way he desired. Unless, Ivan was the wild card. Maybe he'd top Robert!

"I GROUND DOWN AGAINST HIS MOUTH, EKING OUT EVERY LAST DROP OF MY PLEASURE."

The woman in front of me was responding, so I paused my train of thought to listen.

"I have no idea," she said. "I've never done anything like that. Can you imagine me suggesting a threesome to Bradley?"

Woman number one said, "For me, I would have simply thought of three people hooking up. That's exotic enough for a Friday night, right?"

We all moved forward in line. This was taking forever, thank goodness. What if the cashier hadn't been replacing the receipt paper? What if the elderly gentleman three customers ahead hadn't forgotten his wallet?

"Sure," the dark-haired friend nodded. "Three seems plenty"–she lowered her voice–"kinky."

"But it wasn't," the redhead said. "Not enough for Kevin and Ryan."

"What do you mean?"

"Kevin was the one to say we should add the bondage."

"Seriously? Kevin? Bondage!" The slight brunette said the last word louder than she'd intended, because she brought her fingers to her lips, as if in shock.

"I know!" the ginger-haired woman said. "I would never have believed he was into anything like that. But he brought cuffs with him, and he had a blindfold, too. He was seriously well prepared."

I tried my best not to lean in. I didn't want to be obvious about listening. But I really had to know what had happened next. I was all excited–every part of my body felt invested in the story. *Good for Kevin*, I thought. *Coming through with the bondage when you least expected it. What was up with Ryan, though? Was he into bondage, or was he frightened by the concept?*

"Who did he use the cuffs on?" the friend asked.

The girl with the red hair giggled. "Who do you think?" She put her wrists together, indicating she'd been the one bound. I had an instant picture of that. I mentally removed her sundress and put her in an X-marks-the-spot position on a fictitious mattress.

"I can't believe this," the dark-haired girl said, shaking her head slightly.

"The things is," the redhead told her, "you never really know what someone's into until you get naked."

That's when I accidentally nudged the brunette, who turned and gave me a haughty look.

Damn. I'd given away my hand. I got really busy looking for something that didn't exist in my purse. Maybe they'd start chatting again. Perhaps I'd still hear the rest of the story. Of course, a second checker opened up right then, and the women moved over, so I was left longing, wishing I could have followed after them and had the nerve to say, "I know you don't know me, but can you tell me what happened next?" Instead, I put my purchases on the rubber conveyor, sighed and chalked up the experience as an erotic adventure in eavesdropping.

I exited the store feeling restless, images of people I didn't know connecting in new and unusual ways. This was no good. I had work to do, a job to finish, business…

Bondage, my brain said.

I had work to do.

Kevin's into bondage, my brain said unhelpfully. *Kevin brought the cuffs*.

Be quiet, I told my thoughts. *I don't know Kevin*.

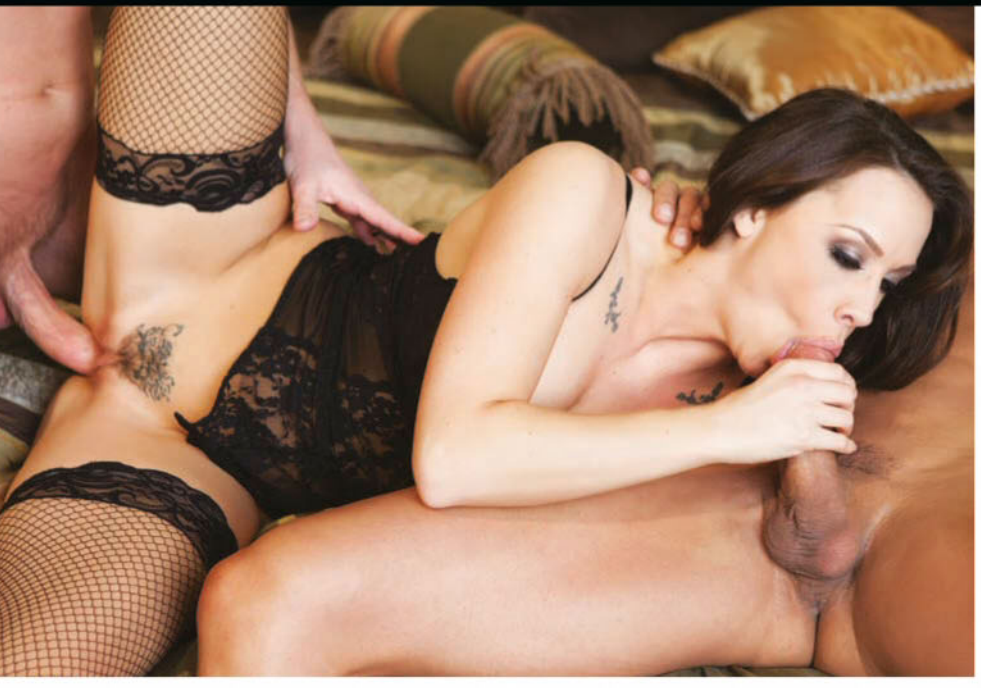
But you know Robert…my brain was stating the obvious. *And you know Ivan*.

As I sat in my car, I realized the thoughts running through my head were too enticing to put away. They nagged at me, demanding my attention. There was no way I'd get anything useful done without handling this situation first. I decided to make a second stop, heading to my favorite sex shop. There, I purchased a blindfold, cuffs and a few other items. Then I headed to the office.

I'd been foiled, prevented from hearing the happy ending of the redhead and her two lovers. But I was determined to have one of my own. I called an impromptu meeting in

VARIATIONS

↘ THREESOMES



my office. Robert and Ivan looked at each other when I asked them to shut the door and have a seat. I could tell they thought maybe they'd missed a deadline. Or perhaps I had bad news about a client.

How do you tell two men that you want to fuck them? How do you explain that your pussy is so wet you can't possibly do anything useful until you come? How do you explain that Kevin brought the cuffs—when they have no idea who Kevin is?

I dumped the contents of my bag onto my desk and said, "I heard this story this morning…"

Then I slowly retold my eavesdropping adventure and settled back in my chair to wait for their responses.

"Who did he use the cuffs on?" Robert wanted to know.

I shrugged.

"Who do *you* want the cuffs on?" Ivan asked.

"Let's start with me," I replied, stuffing the items back into the pink plastic bag and telling the men to meet me at my house. We'd play hooky today. I'm the boss; I'm allowed to decide these sort of things.

By the time I reached my bungalow, my pussy was so wet I could have rung my panties out with both hands. I've had my share of kinky sex before, but nothing like this. Nothing that I'd instigated with quite as much gusto. The men showed up shortly after I got home, and I could tell by their expressions they were as revved up as I was. We set ground rules as soon as we entered my bedroom. If anyone had a problem, the safeword was "ginger." I thought to myself the redhead from the store would have approved.

There was a hesitation for a moment. We all stared at one another, and I guessed that they were waiting for me to start. Were we actually going to do this? Fucking changes relationships. But we were all in agreement. The air nearly crackled with sexual excitement.

I looked at Ivan then Robert. Then I said, "Okay, we strip on three."

And we did.

I stared at Robert as he undressed. Under his suit, he was even more delicious, ripped muscles, taut lines. He wore briefs that hugged his butt, and when he pulled them down, I saw that his package was every bit as enticing as the rest of him. Already hard, his dick was long and lean—exactly like he was. I turned to look at Ivan. He wasn't wearing underwear beneath his slacks. Why didn't that surprise me? He also had on mismatched socks. But his cock—holy, fuck, his cock—made up for anything lacking in his wardrobe. He had the most massive dick I'd ever seen!

"I WAS IN THE THROES OF A WORLD-CLASS ORGASM. I CRIED OUT WITH ECSTASY AS I SHIVERED."

"Jesus," I sighed. Robert looked, too, and his own eyes widened appreciatively. This day was full of surprises. Ivan didn't even seem to notice us drinking him in. He was busy staring at me with a hungry sort of anticipation on his face.

"You have the best tits," he said, and I found myself smiling. It was so Ivan to say something like that.

"So," Robert began. I could see he was waiting for me to take charge. I set him straight right then.

"I know I'm the boss at work," I said. "But here, I give up all control."

"Well, then," Robert said, proceeding to cuff my arms over my head and chain them to the headboard, working quickly, as if he was an old pro. I had to ask if he done that sort of thing before, and he widened his eyes as he replied, "What do you think?"

"Tell me!"

He simply gave me a knowing look

right before Ivan slid the blindfold over my eyes. I had never kissed either man before, not outside of my fantasies, but I refused to go slow. I wanted their lips pressed to mine. I wanted to ride them, to fuck them, to…

Then I remembered that I was bound and they were the ones deciding what to do and how fast to do it.

They started by confusing me right away. Instead of a cock in my mouth, I felt fingers. I sucked on the fingers, drawing them in. Then I felt those fingers in my pussy, and I squeezed my muscles tight. I was flying high on endorphins when a pair of lips attached themselves to one of my nipples. I arched and moaned. Fingers in my mouth again. Then in my snatch. Hands spreading my ass cheeks. A fingertip nudging my backdoor. I was keening, low and insistent. My breathing was hitching my chest. I couldn't think, couldn't speak. My mouth opened wider, and that's when I tasted the first cock.

Oh, fuck. I sucked hard, drawing in as much of the shaft as I could. This was Robert for sure–long and lean and smooth. I sucked and swirled, learning the personality of the cock. Every dick is different. But this one was warm and hard, which was all that mattered at the moment. Ivan was kissing my thighs. I felt hands spreading me open. The dick in my mouth withdrew. One of the men was inside my pussy. I cried out, and a different cock immediately filled my open mouth. Ivan.

Oh, *Ivan*, I thought, *Damn is that thing big*.

He let me get used to his girth, allowing me a few seconds to grow accustomed to his size, and then he began to set the pace, thrusting in and out of my mouth while Robert fucked my pussy. My wetness was spreading down my thighs to soak the mattress. I was making a wet spot under my ass. Then Ivan withdrew, and I felt myself being turned on my side. Robert was saying something. What? My mind was hazy with lust. Oh, lube. Yes, lube. I told him where he could find the bottle, and he left the room while Ivan stroked me all over. His large hands were magical. He made me hum with pleasure as he tweaked my nipples, and then fondled my ass. I was a mess of desires, building dangerously, whirring, when Robert returned with the lubrication.

The two men greased me up together. One hand petted my pussy, another lubed up my tight asshole. I sensed the men motioning to each other, dividing, deciding. Then Robert–I could tell it was Robert–very slowly began to inch his dick into my ass. Ivan's knowledgeable hands stroked and fondled me as he continually caressed and cajoled. Robert grunted and filled me. I sighed as he bottomed out. That's when Ivan slid into my pussy. I was double-penetrated, Ivan's massive cock stretching my pussy wide while Robert's leaner dick filled my rear channel with ease.

Then I was being buffeted back and forth between the two men. I could not remember ever experiencing this level of bliss. I thought of the women in line at the store. This is what had been missing from their story. The intense sensation of having two men at once. Maybe the redhead had gone on to describe the event in greater detail afterward.

Perhaps that wasn't the sort of thing you recounted at the grocery store. But oh, fuck, it felt as if I was awash in thousands of glimmering explosions.

Ivan's cock thrilled me. He thrust in powerfully, and I felt him all throughout my body. Robert responded by pushing back. I wondered if the men could feel themselves inside me. Then all of my thoughts stopped as Ivan moved us, so he was on the bottom of our sandwich.

"HE SET THE PACE, THRUSTING IN AND OUT OF MY MOUTH WHILE ROBERT FUCKED MY PUSSY."

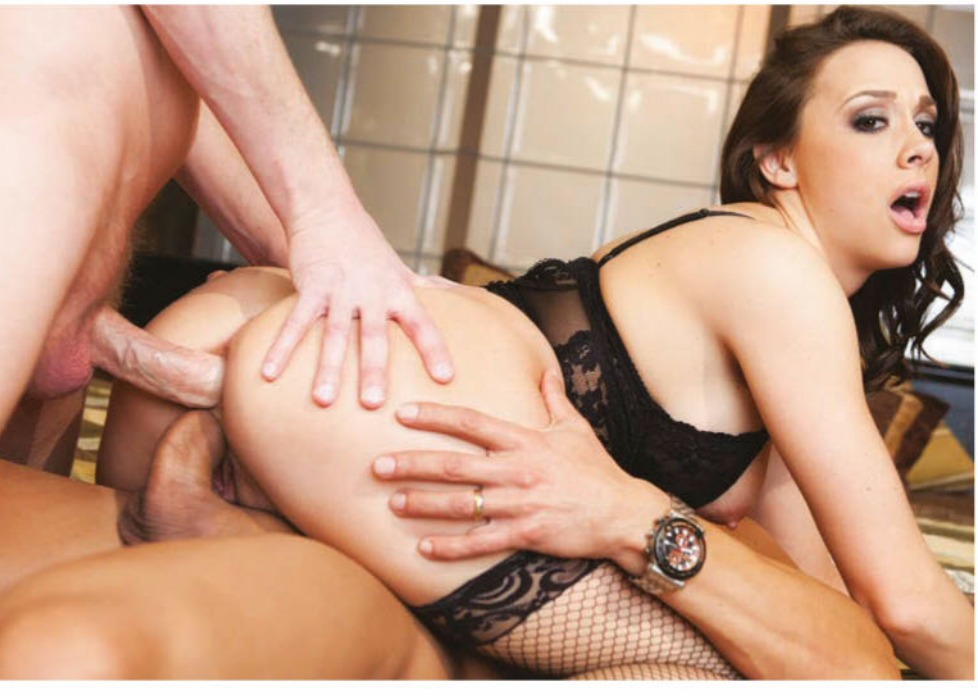
My arms were raised, my wrists still cuffed above my head and the blindfold on. Robert was pounding my ass while Ivan thrust upward from below. In seconds, I was in the throes of a world-class orgasm. I cried out with ecstasy as I shivered through my climax.

I knew Robert felt me tightening and releasing on his cock, and he erupted soon after, filling me up with spurt after spurt of his semen. The liquid spilled inside me, and I relished being his vessel. Ivan held out. He didn't come when I did. He didn't come on the heels of Robert's orgasm. He waited until Robert had withdrawn, then he pulled me closer and asked, "Can you take me back there? Can you take me in your asshole?"

I snuggled against him. I felt loose all over.

"Can I? Yes. Yes."

Ivan moved me so I was on my stomach on the mattress. He parted my ass cheeks and stroked down the valley between them. My pussy seemed to be squeezing to an inner beat. Tighten, release. Tighten, release. Someone was kissing the nape of my neck.



"More lube?" That was Robert.

"Yes!" That was me and Ivan together.

There was a wet squirt of the liquid over my hole, and then another so that the liquid coated me fully. Then gently, slowly, Ivan began to press inside me. I was grateful he didn't thrust in all at once. My ass was stretched from Robert, but not stretched enough. After all, I'd had to work my mouth even to get my lips around his substantial dick.

"He's a monster," Robert said reverently. "He's so thick."

I could feel my asshole being opened as my cheeks were stretched apart. Robert–I knew it was Robert–was holding me wide for Ivan. That was touching in a way, wasn't it? Before long, Ivan was in, truly in, and I felt filled like I never had before. Sliding on the lube and the semen of his coworker, Ivan began to move faster.

I couldn't stay quiet. His cock was so big, so fat. I started to moan.

"That's right," Robert said. "You let us know how you feel. Tell us how his big dick makes you feel."

Oh, man. I'd fantasized about Robert before, but I'd never put a soundtrack to the images. I hadn't known he'd like to talk during sex. He kept going.

"I want to hear everything," he said, and then he added the words that took me over the edge, "because I'll be in your place next."

Fuck, fuck, fuck!

That was all it took. The picture in my mind of Robert with his hands cuffed together and Ivan fucking Robert's smooth, sculpted ass sent me spinning off into a kaleidoscope of pleasure.

"I'm coming!" I cried out. "Oh, Christ, I'm coming!"

Ivan followed my lead, and his seed spilled into me, hot and satisfying. I was panting from the exertion, decimated by the pleasure of the ride. The men

took the blindfold off me. My wrists were freed. Then we all looked at one another, a little shocked, I think, by what had just happened.

I thought of the ladies in line at the store. "Not your average threesome," the redhead had said. But what would be average? Every person is different. The way people connect and overlap. The redhead had no idea that her story–her erotic adventure–had sparked an incendiary event between strangers she'd never meet.

We headed to the shower then, to rinse off and regroup. Then we came back together on my bed, and we started over. This time, Robert was blindfolded, his hands cuffed, his senses deprived.

Naked desires, I thought, remembering I'd expected Robert to be dominant, leading the two of us through various twists and turns.

But in reality, he was stretched out on the mattress, his whole body flickering with silent energy. He was as handsome as ever, maybe even more so now that I knew what made him tick. I'd never have pegged him for a submissive.

I settled myself on his face so I could watch Ivan blow him. Ivan's shaggy brown hair partially covered his eyes as he focused on Robert's dick. Then he glanced up at me, and we made solid eye contact. The connection was intense. I trembled as Robert used his tongue to toggle my clit, and I knew my honey was coating his mouth.

We could have been at the office. Robert might have been wooing a new client. Ivan could have been sketching out a fresh ad campaign. Instead, Robert was our bound captive, eating me out as he had his dick swabbed by Ivan's tongue. And Ivan was thinking–he must have been thinking–about how his big dick would feel in Robert's rear hole.

"You ready?" Ivan asked Robert.

Robert muttered something totally indecipherable against my pussy. The vibrations of his words on my nether region took me to my next level. I ground down wildly against his mouth, eking out every last drop of my erotic pleasure. Then I lifted up my haunches lewdly and Ivan asked the question again as I waited anxiously.

"You ready, man?" he asked impatiently.

"Ready," Robert said, his voice a husky whisper, dripping with my juices and longing.

"Roll over."

Robert did as instructed. I was the one to use the lube, to pour more than enough down his valley. I rubbed in the glistening liquid, and I watched as Robert humped the mattress. I knew his pole was hard, no doubt dripping with pre-come in anticipation of what Ivan's cock would feel like pounding his hole.

I wanted to squirm myself under him and feel his dick inside me once more, but I decided to let the boys have a go while I watched. But Robert didn't seem ready to do that. He told me to kiss him.

As our bodies twisted and turned, as we overlapped and licked and lapped, I silently thanked that ginger lady for helping me reveal our true desires. She might have had an accidental ménage. But I believed this was the start of something deep and lasting. I hadn't heard the rest of her story, but I knew I would be writing my own happy ending for a long time to come.

PLAYING FOOTSIE

Summer means sundresses, sandals and sundaes. Summer means fireworks, flip-flops and fireflies. But most importantly to me, summer means bare feet. When else can you slide out of your shoes and go padding around without raising an eyebrow? I love being barefoot, having soft grass or warm sand beneath my feet—or even the sun-warmed boards of my backyard deck. There's something insanely sensual, extremely sexual, to me about having my feet exposed. I also love looking at other people's bare feet, especially women. Fortunately for me, my girlfriend indulges my fetish. If at first she was a bit coy—settling for peep-toe sandals or espadrilles—over the years, she's become more adventurous with her footwear—or lack thereof.

That's because she knows what her bare feet do to me.

On Sunday, we had cleared our calendar. We didn't have to go anywhere, and nobody was coming to our place. I started the day barefoot and planned to end it the same way. Sasha met me in the kitchen. I was pouring my first cup of coffee. She sidled up behind me and slid one of her bare feet between mine. I looked down, saw the sparkly polish on her toenails and grinned.

What a day we were going to have! Her feet. My feet. And all that went with them.

We started out on the deck. Sasha let me put lotion on her feet. I took my time. I gave her a full foot massage, rubbing her soles, the arches and her delicate ankles. I indulged myself in touching and fondling, pampering and playing with every part of her right foot and then her left. She sighed with pleasure as I worked my magic. I closed my eyes as I caressed her. Simply touching her feet was enough to make my cock hard, but I didn't want to rush. We had all day. I needed to make this encounter last.

Only when her feet had gotten the full service did we move on to the next part of our agenda. This was the portion I'd been dreaming of all week.

I stripped, and Sasha returned the favor—except instead of massaging my feet, she used her feet to massage me. I lay on my stomach on a towel as Sasha gently walked up and down my back, keeping one foot on either side of my spine.

I whispered encouragement under my breath. My girlfriend is slim and petite, and her weight doesn't hurt me at all. But her feet—her glorious feet—know all of my desires. She dug into my muscles with her toes. She did what felt like a little dance on the cheeks of my ass.

When I was fairly lightheaded with pleasure, she walked off of my body and had me roll onto my back. Now, the going got good. Sasha is flexible from hours of yoga every week. She was able to sit in the crook of my legs and grip my dick between the soles of her feet. For a moment, she held herself entirely still. My dick pulsed impatiently. I had to bite my lip so as not to cry out. This was bliss, plain and simple, and in a second, she raised the bar, giving me a foot job. I almost lost my cool from the first stroke.

Sasha added plenty of the lotion to the ride, and she worked her limber legs with the graceful finesse I've grown to appreciate over the years. My cock was embraced between her stroking feet, which exerted the perfect amount of pressure. I held my breath at one point, when she used her toes to tap my balls. But then she was back at my shaft as I hummed with effervescent ecstasy.

I told her when I was going to come, and she sped up her motions. Soon I was shooting ropes of semen all over her tempting tootsies. The sight had me half-hard again in a heartbeat. Her feet coated with my cream were my undoing.

Sasha gave me an impish smile as she patted her feet dry with a towel. Then she slid on a pair of flip-flops and

"I TOLD HER WHEN I WAS GOING TO COME, AND SHE SPED UP HER MOTIONS."

a sundress, and I put on a T-shirt and shorts. We were going to the beach, where I could watch her walk barefoot in the sand and think about how we would engage in footsie once more when we came home.

For me and Sasha, summer is more than sunshine and sunbathing, sandcastles and surfing. Summer is all about the soles.

–O.R., San Diego, California

LOLA'S THONG

The entire adventure began on a whim. One day I said to my girlfriend, "I'll be frank with you…"

But before I could continue, she suggested, "Why don't *I* be Frank?"

She gave me a look, then giggled, and whatever we had been talking about faded away. We lost ourselves in a fantasy of her wearing one of my suits and me trying to squeeze into one of her dresses. Truthfully, my clothes wouldn't fit her right. I'm easily a foot taller than she is. But the fantasy still ignited powerful feelings I hadn't expected.

Nothing else came of the idea for a few days, but then when I was taking laundry out of the dryer, I remembered our conversation. There I stood holding, Lola's thong in my hand… and suddenly I had an erection worth writing about to *Penthouse*.

Without hesitation, I stripped off my clothes and stood there in our small laundry room wearing absolutely nothing. I paused for a moment, lost in a battle of "should I or shouldn't I?" I'd never put on women's underwear before, but what was the harm? Then I slipped on Lola's thong. Of course, the flimsy thing didn't fit. Not at all. The ribbon-like lace bisected my ass cheeks, digging deep into my crack, and the triangle of fabric could not even begin to cover my dick–especially with the hard-on I was sporting.

I pulled off the thong and rummaged through the warm laundry for something else of hers, wondering if anything she owned would fit me. I didn't think so–until I found one of her nightshirts. Some of Lola's nighties are formfitting, but the one I grabbed was made of satin and cut like a man's pajama top. As soon as I held the slippery purple fabric to my body, I wanted to wear the thing. But once more I was foiled. The sleep shirt barely reached my waist, and my biceps seriously stressed the seams of the short sleeves. So I did what any man would. I wrapped that satin shirt around my cock and jerked myself off until I made a sticky mess.

Right then, I decided I'd have to go shopping for some feminine clothes. When Lola got home from work, I asked her if she wanted to join me.

"Who are you going to be?" she wanted to know.

"Who?"

"Do you have a name in mind?" she asked. "Are you someone cute, like a Traci? Or someone serious, like a Joan?"

"I have no clue," I responded. "I don't know what kind of girl I am yet."

"I know," Lola said, rubbing up

against me. "You're a slut."

That's how we ended up at our favorite sex-toy store, which sported a wide selection of exotic items. Their sizing went from petite to XXXL, so they had plenty for both of us to choose from. Together, we grabbed a variety of pieces—underwear, stockings and a stretchy rubber dress in vibrant blue for me. Then we barely made it back home before diving into our purchases.

Lola helped me prepare myself. She had me shave all of my body hair, and then she applied my makeup. When she was finished, I felt smooth and pretty, which is something I have to say I'd never felt before. Years before, I'd gone in drag for Halloween—like a lot of guys—but I hadn't put much effort into my transformation. Back then, I hadn't even shaved my five o'clock shadow.

"SHE BLEW ME FOR SEVERAL SECONDS, ONE HAND STROKING MY BALLS THROUGH THE SATIN."

But this time, things were different.

With my cheeks shorn and my legs soft and supple, I found myself really getting into the new me. When I spotted my reflection in the mirror, I saw that I was pretty. Not entirely female-looking but definitely eye-catching. I turned and looked at myself from all angles. She'd adorned my cheeks with a sparkling blush, added a red gloss to my lips and even glued false eyelashes in place.

"Damn, girl," Lola said. As soon as I put on my pastel panties, she started to stroke my dick through the fabric.

"Don't you want to see me all dolled up?" I asked, half-heartedly pushing her away.

"I can't wait," she told me—and I realized that I couldn't either.

Then we were on our bed, rolling around together in the sheets. I knew my makeup was smearing when I kissed her, making all of her work for naught, but she didn't seem to mind.

"Don't take anything off," she insisted, and then she was pulling the crotch of my panties to the side, exposing my hard-on. She blew me for several seconds, one hand stroking my balls through the satin. Her eyes were wild with lust.

"You're just so fucking pretty," she said, momentarily pulling her lips from my rod. "I didn't know you'd be so pretty."

I loved the way she devoured me, as if she was impossibly hungry and couldn't stop herself. When my shaft was glistening with her saliva, she yanked her own panties to the side and climbed aboard my cock. She bounced up and down, her hands on my smooth chest, as she confessed her fantasies.

"I want to dress you up, and then we'll go out together. Girls' night out, you know? Guys will send drinks our way and try to get our numbers."

She was really grinding her hips on me, rotating to hit all those special

places inside herself. I could feel her muscles tightening and releasing on my rod, as if her pussy had a will of its own.

"You'd like that?" I asked breathlessly. "The two of us pretending to be girlfriends?"

"Oh, yeah," she said. "And afterward, you'll fuck me out behind the club. In the alley. You'll fuck me while we both look like ladies. And then…"

She was on the verge. I could tell. Her cheeks were bright pink, and her breathing was erratic. "And then we'll go home, and I'll fuck your ass with my strap-on."

Those words made me come as I jammed my erection inside her one last time. She groaned and climaxed with me, and then collapsed against my chest.

"Let's try that again," she said. "But this time, we'll get the wig on you, too. I want the full experience."

I sat up and let her help me put myself back in order.

This had all started with a simple joke, but there was no telling how far we'd go?

–F.R., Minneapolis, Minnesota

TWO-MAN JOB

"You should have seen the men at Sally's house," I told Todd.

"Men?" he murmured, curious.

"Trimming her tree," I continued.

"Trimming her tree," he was echoing me again, but his tone made it sound as if he was tasting something sweet. "Is that what the young people are calling it these days?"

I raised my eyebrows. "Just you. You filthy-minded man."

He licked his lips lasciviously before prompting me to continue.

"Seriously. These men…they were so well built, so handsome. I couldn't believe they were actually tree guys and not models pretending to be tree guys."

"You're saying they were good-looking, Sarah?"

He was teasing me, but what I said in return nearly took his breath away.

"So I walked over and asked if they'd come trim *my* tree."

The conversation paused. Todd loves watching another man fuck me. It's his thing. Sure, we have brutally hot sex when it's only the two of us, but what makes him harder than–well, wood–is seeing another man get me off. Seeing two? That might be the end of him.

But no matter how often we play like this Todd knows at the end of the night–when it's back to me and him–we're all that matter. What we have together will last. The other men are simply fuel for our fire, but it's one that burns real hot.

"So which tree?" he asked. His voice was rough with burgeoning desire.

"Any tree they'd like."

That was it for us. We fucked in a frenzy against the dining room table. I was delighted that my husband was so into the concept. After all, I was the one who would get to fuck the men. But he acted as if *he* were the one winning the prize. The truth is that he would be.

The next morning, I put on a bright orange bikini and a pair of white short-shorts, made coffee and helped my husband hide in the closet. With the door cracked slightly, he'd have the perfect vantage point of our bed if things worked out the way I'd planned.

The two hunky handymen showed up on my porch exactly on time, ready for work. I peeked out the window and felt a little thrill rush through me upon seeing their tanned skin and muscular arms.

If I was successful in bringing them both to bed, it would be quite the coup. I'd never before propositioned a duo. Every so often, I'd managed to lure a lady into my lair, someone lovely, lithe

VARIATIONS

↘ WIDE WORLD OF VARIATIONS

and limber. But on that day, I was going for the gold.

I opened the door and smiled before leading the men to the backyard. The taller one told me his name was Ramon. The shorter and more muscular guy's name was Mark. They both seemed extremely attentive as I pointed out the yard's issues. I actually did have a tree that needed trimming.

Mark started talking business right away, explaining the logistics of what they'd need to do, the machinations, the time. Meanwhile, his companion kept staring at me as Mark droned on. I winked at Ramon, and he winked back.

"You know, boys," I said after listening to the plans, "what if we have a little lemonade first? It's such a scorcher." In my head I imagined Todd saying, "Lemonade? Is that what the young people are calling it these days?"

"Lemonade sounds great," they said, almost in unison.

"What about something else?" I asked as I led them back inside. "What about… me?"

They hesitated. I didn't. I said, "I've been feeling a little horny from the heat. Maybe you could help me out?"

I didn't say another word. I simply walked away from them, but as I did, I untied my bikini top and let the orange fabric flutter like a flag behind me, beckoning. I stepped out of my shorts and let them fall to the hall. I continued, leaving a trail of items on my way to the bedroom—including my panties and the scarf I'd tied around my hair. Totally nude, I waited to see what would happen.

By the time the tree men were in the room, they were naked, too. I wondered if this sort of thing had happened to them before. They didn't seem to need any encouragement or explanation. Perhaps they were used to horny housewives. The difference? Todd was in the closet. I hoped he could see every moment of the erotic production I'd staged for him. I started by blowing the taller one. I reached for him and pulled him close to the bed, then began to bestow my best blowjob action on his thick dick. Ramon seemed unable to believe his luck. He said, "What a fucking mouth you have on you, lady."

The other could have waited his turn. Or he could have been content to watch. He didn't, and he wasn't. Mark came around behind me and held my hips in his rough hands. Then I was sandwiched between the two men, blowing one and being filled by the other. I made sure to add as many dreamy sound effects as I could, to enhance Todd's enjoyment. When I paused for breath, I cried out, "Oh, you're so big, Mark! I love feeling your big dick stretching me open!"

I knew Todd would like the sound of that. Apparently, my tree guy did as well. He grunted and started slamming his dick into me at a faster clip. The man I was blowing stroked my cheeks and told me what a beauty I was. He said that he'd been thinking about me and jerking off since he'd first laid eyes on me.

"You've been dancing in my head," he told me.

I was pleased we were all on the same page. Or almost. I wondered what they'd think of Todd standing in the closet, face to the crack, hand (most likely) on his dick.

That's when the door gave a loud creak. Both men stopped. I had my mouth on the Ramon's dick, and I slurred around his shaft, "Todd!"

The men froze, but I pulled back slightly, so that the head of the cock pulled free from my lips and did my best

"THE MAN I WAS BLOWING STROKED MY CHEEKS AND TOLD ME WHAT A BEAUTY I WAS."

to salvage the unusual situation.

"Boys," I said, "I hope you don't mind if my husband watches."

There was silence. I looked up. Ramon was looking at his friend. From behind me, Mark questioned, "He only wants to watch?"

I nodded.

"No problem for me," said Ramon. That's all Todd needed to hear. He came out of the closet and leaned against the wall. Now the three of us, so obviously on display, really went at it. The men changed positions, and I started to suck my own juices off the cock that had recently been in my snatch. Ramon held my hips and said to Todd, "You like to watch, man?"

Todd cleared his throat and said, "Yeah."

"Then what?" Ramon wanted to know. "What happens afterward?" He sounded genuinely curious.

Having found his voice, Todd said hoarsely, "I like to fuck her."

"When she's all sticky?"

I looked at my husband, who nodded.

"Good," said the tree man as he thrust to the root in my cunt. "I'm going to fill her up, and then we'll watch *you*. I've never done that kind of thing before."

This turn of events was quite a shock. Who knew that I'd booked a pair of kinky dudes? Todd was beside himself. He was already tenting his slacks with his massive erection. The guy I was blowing came first. I swallowed down every drop of Mark's come. The man in my pussy climaxed a beat after his friend. Ramon described his orgasm as it was happening. "I'm coming in your wife," he announced to Todd, really seeming to get into the moment. "I'm filling her tight snatch with my load."

Todd groaned with helpless abandon. Then the tree guys moved away, and my husband joined me on the mattress. I was lit up inside. The two handsome men seemed more than comfortable to take a backseat. Todd and I had never fucked together for an audience. The opportunity simply hadn't presented itself, but now that it had, we weren't going to waste it.

Todd slid his cock inside me, where I was dripping wet from my lover's load. My husband fucked me harder than I'd been fucked all day. The men watching us seemed appreciative. It didn't take long for the two of us to get off. The scenario was simply too erotic to resist. I came when Todd rubbed my clit. He added his semen to the jism already in me.

Then we parted. There were four of us in the room. What a strange day! I looked from one man to the other to the other.

"You said something about lemonade?" Ramon asked.

Nodding, I slid on a T-shirt and a pair of panties.

"And after the lemonade," Mark said, "let's try that again. I don't think our work here is done."

It was quite a day, even though my tree never got trimmed. I guess that means I need to call the boys back!

–S.M., Erie, Pennsylvania

Have you had an unforgettable encounter? Has your wildest fantasy come true or are you still planning out the sexy details? We want to hear all about it! Send your story to: *Penthouse Variations*, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

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libido | noun | li-bi-do

1: A person's desire to have sex.

2: Instinctual psychic energy that in psychoanalytic theory is derived from primitive biological urges (as for sexual pleasure or self-preservation) and that is expressed in conscious activity.

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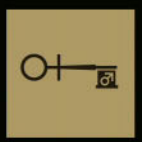

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